The Outlook

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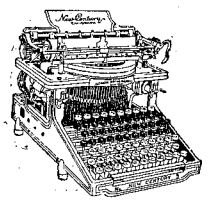

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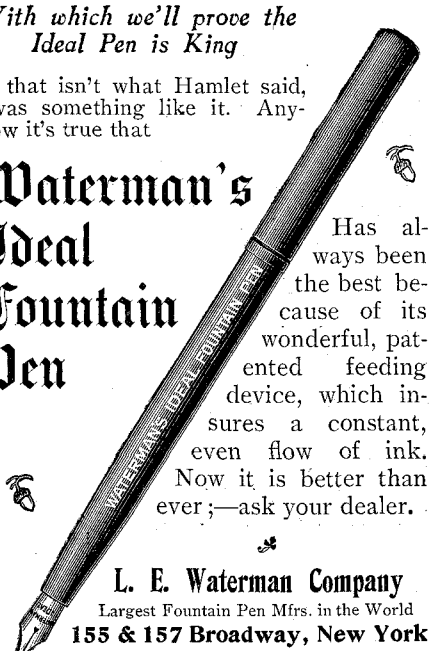

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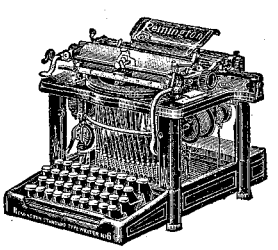

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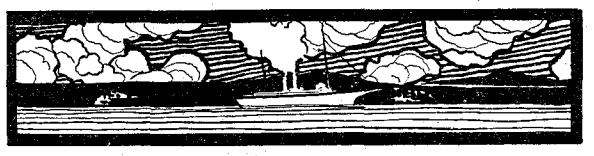
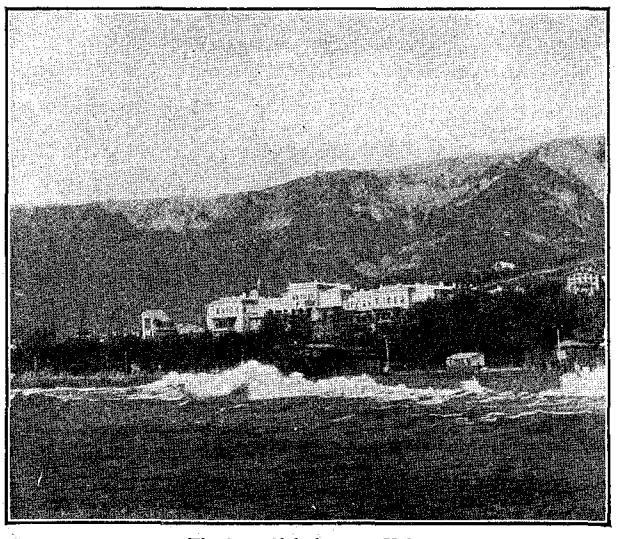
CRUISING IN THE BLACK SEA



An Early Spring Tour to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

IN these early days of the new century, when the almost unbroken peace of the world and the remarkable impetus which has been given to the construction of railroads and the establishing of steamship routes to all parts of the earth permit the traveler to roam the globe at will, it becomes a question of what place remains for the tourist to visit that is out of the beaten rut of travel, and at the same time novel and of interest. Indeed, there remain few out-of-the-way spots in Europe, and many of these stay so only for the reason that they who have been to them have found nothing of particular interest to recount to their friends.

One glorious region, however, would seem to have escaped the attention of the globe-trotter, and undoubtedly because heretofore it has been reached only by tedious travel, with all the discomforts of primitive modes of conveyance. This is the beautiful country of the Black Sea—the Crimea and Russian Trans-Caucasia.



The beautiful shore at Yalta

The natural charm and picturesqueness of this part of the world invariably prove a most agreeable surprise to the traveler who has been attracted there through curiosity, perhaps, and in whose mind everything Russian is wrongly associated with intense cold and biting winds.

He finds the Crimea truly a garden-spot of the earth, with a beautiful shore dotted for miles with the costly villas of the Russian nobility and the gorgeous palaces of the Czar and Imperial family, where he looked for a forbidding, barren coast. Following the magnificent driveway along the shore at Yalta, he witnesses a scene that rivals the celebrated Italian Riviera in coloring and splendor. If he be a lover of history, he visits the battle-fields of Balaclava, and at Sebastopol he allows his imagination to take him back almost fifty years, when this iron siege city withstood the combined assault of three powerful nations for eleven months. He gazes with awe at the almost impregnable fortress of Batoum, and when, after a pleasant night in a comfortable sleeper on a splendidly equipped railroad, he reaches the beautiful inland city of Tiflis, he wonders why

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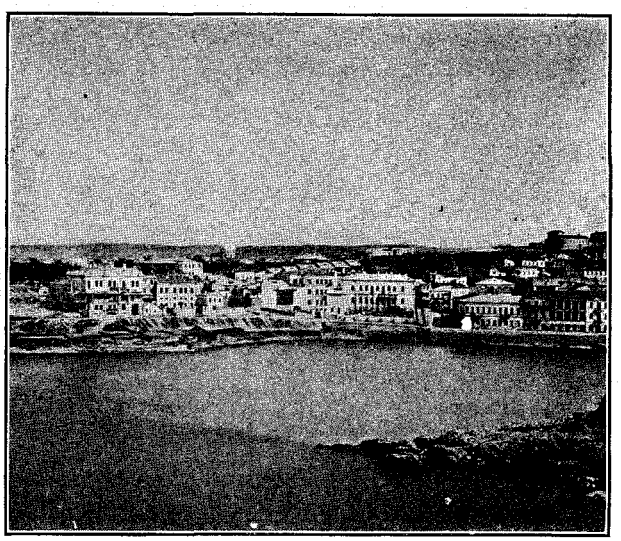


The Iron Siege City, Sebastopol

he has not come to this part of the world before.

Carrying out its determination to have its ships visit, in time, all parts of the world, the Hamburg-American Line has arranged a cruise to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, which will be made on a new yacht in the early spring. This magnificent twin-screw yacht, the "PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE," has just been built in Hamburg, and is specially constructed for cruising. While retaining the graceful lines and jaunty appearance of the pleasure yacht, she is extremely large for her type, being 450 feet long, 47 feet wide, and 30 feet deep.

Superbly fitted up, and containing large and comfortable staterooms and specially designed suites with private baths, besides splendid saloons and a well-stocked library, she is an ideal pleasure yacht, and affords all the comforts and luxuries of home. The twin-screw system, with which she is equipped, combines safety with speed. Novel features aboard of her are a gymnasium, and a dark-room for the use of amateur photographers.

The building of this yacht is a decided innovation in the projecting of pleasure tours, and it seems but fitting that she should celebrate her first year in the service by making a cruise of unusual interest.

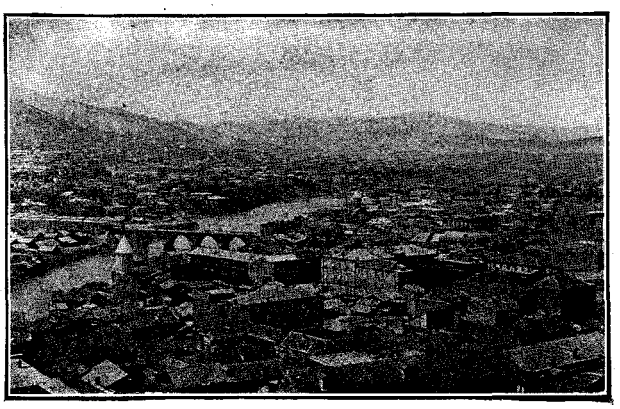
Let us in fancy briefly follow the course of the "Prinzessin Victoria Luise" to the Black Sea and return. She leaves New York on March 9, 1901.

The southerly route to Madeira insures a pleasant voyage even to poor sailors. One feels like an invited guest on board the yacht, and long before Funchal is reached you have learned to love the jaunty craft, and take in her an infinite pride.

The beautiful island of Madeira is already so famous as a health resort, and has been so often described, that little need here be said of it. The island rises abruptly from the sea, and presents a grand spectacle to the eye of the tourist as the yacht approaches. Funchal, the capital, is clean and well built and offers many interesting sights, not the least of which are the coasting-sleds that are in use by reason of the steepness of the streets.

From Funchal the yacht makes her way to the Mediterranean, and soon there looms from the sea the grand outline of Gibraltar. Anchor is dropped in the clear green waters of the Bay of Algeciras, and ample time is allowed in which to explore the subterranean passages of the Rock, and to enjoy, from "El Hacho," the signal station, 1,430 feet above the sea, a glorious panorama that allows the eye to sweep over parts of Europe and Africa.

Genoa, the Superb, is the next stopping-



Tiflis, the interesting Capital of Georgia

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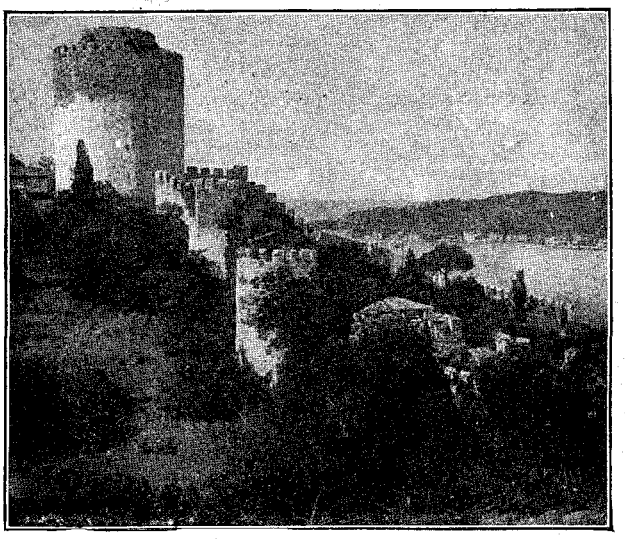
place, and it is here that the traveler gets his first glimpse of the imposing ruins that remain as legacies of the ancient splendor of Italy. From Genoa the yacht proceeds to Villefranche, from whence Nice and Monte Carlo may be visited, and a drive taken along the beautiful Riviera.

The cities next visited are Palermo, the fine capital of Sicily, which contains many gems of mediæval art—notably the magnificent palace-chapel Capella Palatina—and Constantinople, the glittering metropolis of the Orient.



On the banks of the Bosphorus

Instead of turning back when Constantinople has been reached, or continuing on in the Mediterranean to Smyrna and the Far East, the yacht pokes her pretty nose through the Bosphorus, and the cruise in the Black Sea has begun.

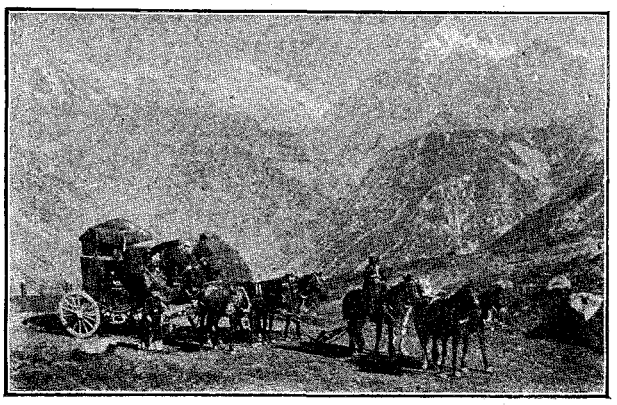
Sebastopol should be reached about April 7. The harbor of Sebastopol can easily shelter a large fleet of war-ships, and during the Crimean War the Russian Black Sea fleet was actually sunk at the entrance to keep out the allied squadrons.

The city is remarkable for having withstood one of the most protracted sieges in the history of the world. Surrounded by the armies of the allies on land, and shut in by sea, the wonderful genius of the Russian engineer, Todleben, enabled the place to hold out for 336 days. The results of the war were sad; it cost 250,000 men, and during the last twenty-eight days of the siege of Sebastopol the Russians lost 18,000 men in the terrible hail of shot and shell that poured into the city. Though a prosperous city of 43,000 inhabitants before the war, at the end of the siege no more than fourteen houses remained standing.

The next stopping-place bears a name that is almost as well known to Englishmen as Trafalgar. It was on the heights of Balaclava that the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" was made. Tennyson has immortalized this daring charge in verse thus:

> "Half a league, half a league,
> Half a league onward,
> All in the valley of death
> Rode the Six Hundred.
> 'Forward the Light Brigade!
> Charge for the guns!' he said;
> Into the valley of death
> Rode the Six Hundred."

The port of Balaclava is an excellent one, being well sheltered by hills. It is the port of the Læstrigonians at which Ulysses is supposed to have touched.



En route to the Dariel Pass from Tiflis

Continuing along the picturesque coast of the Crimea, the next stop is at Aloupka, whence excursions will also be made to Livadia, the country seat of the Russian Czar. This magnificent estate was originally laid out by Joachim Tascher, a relative of Josephine, first wife of Napoleon. Tascher was offered a lucrative position by the great Emperor, but declined

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it, preferring to follow his botanical pursuits. The church at Livadia is of the purest Byzantine art in decoration, and contains valuable frescoes by Izel, and a white marble cross which was presented to the "Tsar Emancipator" by the workmen of Livadia.

At Aloupka the promontory of Aithodor gives a beautiful curve to the coast, while directly behind the town rises Mt. Ai Petre to a height of four thousand feet.

A pleasing innovation of the cruise would be to leave the yacht at Aloupka and drive along the charming shore to Yalta, where the next stop is made.

In the season when the Czar is at Livadia the roads are thronged with the stylish equipages of the Russian court, and the beautiful country presents a charming scene of animation.

From Yalta to Batoum is quite a little jump across the Black Sea. Batoum, which is reached about April 12, is an important fortified town in Trans-Caucasia. It is the terminal of a remarkably good railroad that runs almost parallel with the Caucasus to Tiflis. Ample time is allowed for a visit to Tiflis.

The city stands in a narrow valley in the foothills of the Caucasus, and is defended by several forts. In the old quarter of the town there are large caravansaries and many Armenian churches, including a magnificent cathedral. The Russian quarter has wide streets and public squares, and to the old quarter it offers all the contrast of a European town.

From the city the impressive grandeur of the wild Caucasus is superb. It was the sublime beauty of this mountain range that inspired Lermontof, the poet of the reign of Nicholas I., to write "The Demon" and some of his other masterpieces. It was fate that he should ultimately meet a tragic death in a duel in the very mountains that had so appealed to him.

There will probably be some who would like to explore the Caucasus, and should they do so they will find plenty to interest them. The military road that runs through the Dariel Pass from Tiflis to Vladikafkaz is a wonderful triumph of engineering skill, and may be visited from Tiflis. At places the ascent is so steep that the road is built in loops, and the wagons that carry the mail are drawn by seven horses.

There will, no doubt, be many regrets at leaving Tiflis, for all who have been there give glowing accounts of its subtle charm and of the accommodations for travelers, which are exceptionally good.

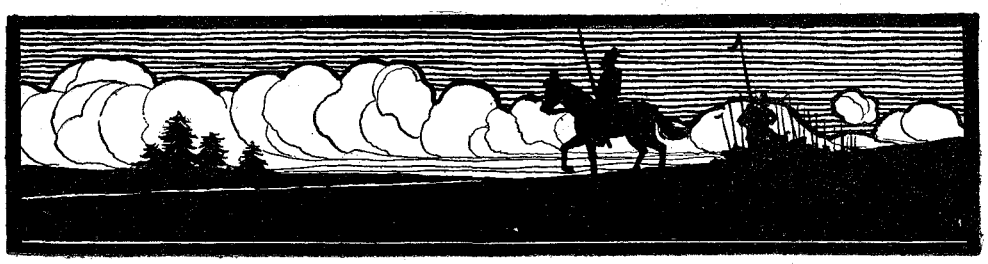
On the return to Batoum the yacht heads for Trebizond, in Asiatic Turkey, the ancient capital of a once powerful empire. It is here that the archæologist will be in clover. The ruins are grand, and there are many evidences of the patronage of the arts by the descendants of the first Alexius, the founder of the Empire.

The monastery of Sumela, about thirty miles from Trebizond, is one of the best-preserved edifices, and seems literally to hang from the mountain side. For years after the Turks had finally conquered the city no Christian was allowed within the gates.

It was at Trebizond that Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks reached the sea in their memorable retreat.

The "Prinzessin" now heads again for the Bosphorus, and the Cruise to the Black Sea is ended. Athens, Naples, Algiers, and Lisbon are visited on the return voyage through the Mediterranean, so that the cruise really includes two tours—that to the cities of the Mediterranean and another to the beautiful coast of the Crimea and the historic waters of the Black Sea.

For further information address The Hamburg-American Line, 37 Broadway, New York; 159 Randolph Street, Chicago; 1229 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



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Civil Service and the Administration

The report of a special committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, embodying the result of its investigation of the Federal civil service and the enforcement of the reform law and rules under the present Administration, shows that while much has been done to take the business of the Government out of the hands of the politicians, much still remains to be done. In passing the law of 1883 Congress intended to bring under its provisions the entire subordinate Executive service—"all that vast number of appointed officials who carry into effect the orders of the President, . . . whose duties do not change with a change of administration, and who have nothing to do with framing the political policies of the Government." From the date of the passage of this act until May last the extension of its operation was steadily continued, each President placing under it, from time to time, additional offices. The committee reports, however, that, while the system in many of the branches which have been longest classified remains unimpaired, the law has not been thoroughly and honestly enforced, and that the President, with the exception of the very admirable start made in the Philippine service, has ignored a number of excellent opportunities for its extension. The committee declares that the President is not continuing the work, and that the progress of the reform has been checked. This is at variance with the declared purposes of the President and with the declarations of the Republican party. Investigation of the facts seems to show that "exceptions" from the requirements of the Civil Service Law have been almost twice as numerous as appointments made under the law. The League declares that the appointment of local Federal officers of the Presidential class has been dictated almost exclusively by Senators and Representatives whose selections the President has ratified, and that while good men have been secured under this system, the vast majority of the appointees are active local politicians, who create a serious obstacle to the satisfactory administration of civil service rules. Among the Presidential offices in the general branches the changes have been almost universal. In the consular service during the first year of the Administration more than ninety per cent. of the salaried offices were refilled, and during the same period in the Indian service more than sixty-two per cent. of the agents were changed.

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Violations of the Law

The report charges that there have been serious violations in the Civil Service Law in the classified service—chiefly in the Internal Revenue service, the Land Office service, the Government Printing-Office, the field forces of the Department of Justice, the Pension Bureau, and in a number of custom-houses and post-offices—especially in the post-office in Philadelphia. In many instances the Civil Service Commission has addressed remonstrances to the departments concerned in these violations, but has not in any case obtained satisfactory results. Three years ago the League addressed a letter directly to the President, calling his attention to these violations and asking that measures be taken to stop them. A year later it presented a second report to the President, in which violations throughout the service were enumerated, with exhibits. The corrections made, however, were few; and in no case was an officer who had violated the rules removed for that offense. The report also charges numerous indirect evasions of the law, especially in the Post-Office Department, where, by devices

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which the League holds to be particularly reprehensible, nearly a hundred appointments have been made in spite of the earnest protest of the Civil Service Commission. The report also calls special attention to the President's order of May 29 last, the effect of which it is proposed to review in a separate report. That order has effected the removal from the competitive to the "excepted" list of about four thousand places, and from the classified to the unclassified of about six thousand, and marks, according to the report, the first great reduction in the efficient working of the merit system. In general, the report shows that the Civil Service Reform system is firmly established, but not so firmly established that its usefulness during any particular Administration cannot be seriously curtailed. It also shows the logical effect in the administrative field of the President's theory of politics. Now that he has entered upon his second term, it would give great satisfaction to those who have found the President's course on the whole wise if he would display much greater independence of the political managers of his party. This is what he is bound to do by the declarations of his party and his own public utterances no less than by the spirit and letter of the law.

❀

Polygamy and Divorce

There are two Constitutional Amendments before Congress: one forever prohibiting polygamy in the United States and empowering Congress to enact laws for the punishment of polygamists; the other providing for uniform marriage and divorce laws by Congressional legislation. These two provisions ought not to be entangled. The one ought not to be made dependent upon the other. Certainly the former ought not to wait upon the latter. There are serious theoretical objections to a Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to legislate upon the subject of marriage and divorce. A uniform divorce law enacted by Federal authority would certainly lower the standard in some States; it is not certain that under its administration the standard would be raised in other States. Rights of property are very closely connected with laws of marriage and divorce. The States cannot under a Federal system agree to transfer their jurisdiction over property questions to the Federal Government. There are still greater practical objections. A Conference of Commissioners appointed by the various States has been organized for the purpose of securing uniform State laws, and considerable progress toward securing this uniformity has already been made in the action of these State Boards of Commissioners. Until this endeavor to secure uniformity by State action—an endeavor which, if successful, would secure also at least some uniformity of public sentiment as well as of legislation—has been tried and proved hopeless, no other conflicting experiment should be undertaken, because no other conflicting experiment will be likely to succeed. Whatever may be right or necessary in the future, for the present an Amendment to the Constitution transferring marriage and divorce from the State to the Federal Government ought not to pass, and in all probability cannot pass. On the other hand, the Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting polygamy and empowering Congress to enact laws for the punishment of polygamists, if submitted by Congress, would be almost certain to be ratified by the necessary number of States of the Union. Three-fourths of the States must unite in order to secure any Amendment to the Constitution. Three-fourths of the States would now ratify any such Amendment as this, if proposed by Congress. The committee who have this matter in charge ought to report instantly for action the Amendment prohibiting polygamy, and reserve the other Amendment for further and fuller consideration. Readers of The Outlook who are interested in securing now the prohibition of polygamy would do well to exert whatever influence they can, through local meetings, local press, or correspondence with their representatives in Congress, to bring about this desirable result.

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A Better Plan

Far more important than uniform provisions as to grounds of divorce is the plan suggested by the American Bar Association, which proposes to leave untouched the variations in this respect and secure some uniformity of procedure. For this pur-

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pose it proposes that each of the States enact a law forbidding divorce for any cause arising prior to the residence of the complainant in the State, unless for a ground adequate in the State where the cause arose; or for any cause arising in the State, unless he has been an actual resident in the State for one year with a bona-fide intention of making it his permanent residence; or for any cause arising out of the State unless he has been such a resident for at least two years before bringing suit. Such provisions, adopted by all the States, would go far to prevent the fraudulent divorces now so easily obtained by persons migrating to the divorce-granting State for a few months for no other purpose than to secure a divorce; and this is the first and by far the greatest evil to be prevented. One step at a time is a good motto in all legal reform, and this is certainly the first step to be taken.

❀

The White House

Few pieces of greater good fortune have befallen this country than the beauty, the dignity, and the architectural significance embodied in the National Capitol. When one recalls the number of public structures of all kinds without beauty, dignity, or architectural significance for public use which have been erected in all parts of the country, it is impossible to be too grateful for the happy accident which made the National Capitol really interpretative of the highest life of the country. The Executive Mansion—commonly known as the White House—has a kindred dignity and appropriateness; and any attempt to modify it ought to be executed under the most competent direction. The report that, under an appropriation of six thousand dollars, secured from Congress last year, plans and models for a reconstructed White House have been secured from a man whose training in other departments may be admirable but who is at present an employee of the Naval Department, without consulting architects or taking expert advice, has awakened grave apprehensions, and has called out as influential a protest as has ever been made in this country touching any question of fine art. The Fine Arts Union of Washington, representing the American Institute of Architects, the Washington Society of Artists, the Architectural Club, the Water Color Club, with the indorsement of a long list of art and architectural societies in all parts of the country, have formally protested "against any alterations or additions to the Executive Mansion being devised or executed without the examination and advice of an expert commission composed of architects, landscape architects, and sculptors of National reputation." This protest embodies the artistic conscience as well as the artistic instinct of the country. The plans secured by the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds may present admirable features, but the Executive Mansion ought not to be touched save by the hands of the first architects in America; nor ought anything to be done without the advice of a commission of experts. The matter is far too important to be left to the judgment of any public official, and the building far too prominent and National in its character to be changed by the unaided skill of any architect, especially of a man whose experience in this department has been very limited, and who is at present an employee in the naval service of the Government. The inappropriateness of this arrangement must be apparent to any intelligent person. If the protest of the Art Societies of the country does not promise effectually to prevent this scheme for reconstructing the White House, it will be the business of all those who care for the beauty of the National Capital, for the appropriateness of its buildings, and for the preservation of the essential features of the present White House, to bring to bear upon Congress a pressure of public opinion sufficient to arrest premature action and to place the matter where it belongs—in the hands of the first experts in the United States.

❀

The National Capital

No change ought now to be made in Washington in regard to public buildings or public property of any kind until a carefully prepared plan dealing with the building needs and the artistic possibilities of the city for the future has been prepared under the most competent direction. Washington is a beautiful city, although Pennsylvania Avenue, by reason of the low and ugly structures which line it, is

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by no means an impressive street. This avenue ought to be stately and impressive to the eye; it ought to be a noble approach to the Capitol. The action of the American Institute of Architects in urging the adoption of a comprehensive plan for the embellishment of the Capital should receive careful attention from Congress, and, in some form, should be adopted. The most important project that has taken definite shape in this direction is the plan to extend the Government reservation from the Capitol to the Washington Monument. Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., the well-known landscape architect, has been consulted, and has prepared a series of maps and models which have been submitted to the Senate Committee of the District of Columbia, and have commanded universal admiration, not only for their skill and the ingenuity with which obstacles have been overcome, but also because of the noble setting which the carrying out of this plan would give to many public buildings, and the immense addition which it would make to the impressiveness and beauty of the city. It is proposed, if we understand the plan aright, to secure for Government uses the entire west side of Pennsylvania Avenue. The Pennsylvania Railroad offers the chief obstacle to the execution of the plan—an obstacle which ought to be overcome in some form by the co-operation of that great and intelligent corporation, or which might be masked by some of the devices of landscape architecture. If this space could be taken, and new buildings of worthy architecture placed in it as they are needed, Washington would become the most beautiful capital in the world. If, in addition to this, the proposed new Memorial Bridge across the Potomac could take a monumental form, the result would amply justify a large expenditure of money.

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Immigration

The most recent figures about immigration into the United States show that nearly half a million of people have come into this country from other parts of the world in 1900, and most of these will become permanent residents. The Immigration Bureau states that of this year's incomers not far from a hundred thousand come from Austria-Hungary, from Italy, and from Russia respectively, while only about fifty thousand come from Great Britain and Ireland. It is pointed out as a fact of some interest that, out of the total of not much less than half a million, only four thousand, or less than one per cent., come from the tropics. The reason is quite evident, and only confirms the generally recognized law that man in his migrations over the world almost never selects a colder country than that to which he has been accustomed. Only about two hundred and fifty emigrants came to the United States from the Philippine Islands and Hawaii. This may be in large measure due to the law above stated; but it is as yet altogether too early to predict with any confidence the possibilities of the immigration from our new possessions.

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Endowment of Public Schools

One clause in the proposed revision of the Charter of New York City appears to us, with all respect to the Charter Commission, to furnish a signal illustration of how not to do it. Under the present law a certain percentage—four mills on every dollar—of taxable property in New York City is set aside for school wages. The revisers propose to repeal this law and to leave the salaries of the teachers in the public schools to be fixed by the Board of Aldermen. The municipalities in this country have not hitherto had so intelligent and noble a body of city fathers as to make it apparently wise to intrust the expenditures for public education to their decision. There would be little reason to think, from the experience of the past, that they would support a generous, broad, and comprehensive policy, and there is very much reason to suppose that they would use the power of the purse, if once put into their hands, for the purpose of advancement of political favorites in the school organization. It is the universal judgment of all experts on this subject that the schools ought to be taken out of politics. It appears to us that the effect of the revisers' proposition would be to afflict the schools even more than heretofore with the vice of political favoritism. On the other hand, the Davis Law, as it is called, has this merit, that it provides something in the nature of a permanent endowment for the public schools, and thus put them

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on the basis upon which the higher educational institutions of this country are put. The benefit of this method is that it secures the pecuniary independence of the teachers and prevents those delays in payment and those constant changes in salaries which have been one of the vices of the public-school system of the past. It is, indeed, affirmed that four mills on every dollar of taxable property in New York City furnishes a larger fund than is necessary for educational purposes. Whether this is so or not we do not know; but if so, the remedy would be, not a disendowment, but a lesser endowment.

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The South African War General De Wet continues to be the striking figure in South Africa. Repeated reports that he has been captured have lacked confirmation, but as we write more probable reports are current that his attempt to break through the British lines, now supposed to surround him, has been frustrated, and that he is now at Sennekal with a considerable force, and is thought by some to be threatening Winburg, which General Knox is occupying with a large British force. The amazing audacity of the Boer commandos which have invaded Cape Colony continues to be a fertile subject of comment; Cape Town despatches declare that they have been driven back toward the Orange River, but apparently they are still in the enemy's country. The fear of an extensive rising among the Cape Colony Dutch, so prevalent last week, has in some measure subsided. In London the chief topic of discussion with regard to the South African war has been the resignation of Lieutenant-Colonel Spragge, who commanded the Yeomanry at the disastrous affair of Lindley. Other resignations are predicted, and one is named, that of Sir Henry Colvile, who was also discredited in the opinion of many military critics at Lindley. Preparations are being made for a worthy welcome to Lord Roberts, whose place in the popular heart is secure. Lord Roberts reached Gibraltar on Friday of last week, and no doubt will be in England before these words are read. At Gibraltar Lord Roberts in a speech paid a special tribute to the courage and skill of General Sir George White for his splendid defense of Ladysmith.

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China Somewhat unexpectedly, the news came on Monday morning of this week that the Chinese Emperor (or whoever may be controlling the Imperial policy) had accepted the demands of the Powers as set forth in the preliminary note agreed upon last week. If exception has been taken to any of the provisions of the note, it does not yet appear. Li-Hung-Chang and Prince Ching are authorized in an Imperial edict to negotiate on the basis of the note, and to ask for a suspension of hostilities. The Chinese Peace Commissioners declare that the Emperor wishes the negotiations closed as soon as possible, and hopes to return to Peking by the end of February. No one seems to know definitely the relations existing at present between the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, but it is significant that of late the Emperor's name has been put to the front in all dealings with the Chinese court. A rumor from Shanghai that the Empress Dowager had secretly installed a new Emperor under the title Tung-Hsu is hardly credible. Punitive expeditions continue to be sent out from Peking, and there is much complaint among the Chinese, especially against the Germans, who, the Chinese say, are acting so as to provoke hostilities whenever possible.

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Politics in the Philippines Cable despatches describe the formation in Manila of the first political party under the American régime; it will be called, we judge from the despatches, the Autonomist party. The principles advocated by its leaders include full recognition of American sovereignty, but also native autonomy in local affairs whenever possible. It is stated that several of the more intelligent Filipino leaders who are disposed to accept something less than independence are interested in this movement. The declaration of principles was adopted at a meeting of Filipinos by a vote of 123 to 6. Despatches also state that the Philippine Commission has completed the bill imposing tariff on imports into the Philippines, and that it has been mailed to Washington for approval. Nothing of great importance has occurred

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in the military field. It has been arranged to send back nine thousand volunteers, whose terms have expired or will soon expire, at once, but it will be impossible to arrange for the return of others until the Army Bill has finally passed, and the enlistment of new troops to take the place of those sent home has begun.

❀

South America The event of greatest importance in South America of late has been the adjustment of the boundary dispute between French Guiana and Brazil. This was a complicated question, and we cannot here go into its merits. It may be said, however, that the French claim in its full extent applied to a vast territory—one, indeed, equal to two-thirds of the area of France itself. What is really interesting about the settlement of this dispute is that, after a diplomatic controversy lasting for two hundred years, the matter has been settled finally, peaceably, and, we believe, to the satisfaction of both parties, by the arbitration of Switzerland. Every event of this kind adds emphasis to the value attaching to international arbitration, and every award peaceably accepted makes such settlement of international difficulties more and more possible. Of the opposite kind of interest is the growing bitterness of the controversy between Bolivia and Chili, as many students of South American affairs believe that war may ensue. This, too, is a territorial dispute, though the land in question is of no value in itself, but only as affording Bolivia direct access to Peru. The great war between Peru and Chili, which lasted for four years (1879–83), had as one of its results the seizure of this territory by Chili, which was then immensely stronger than Bolivia. Since that time Bolivia has gained greatly in strength, and is now urging that Chili cede back the strip of ground which now shuts out Bolivia from the sea. It is impossible at this distance to judge of the merits of the boundary dispute as such, but it seems more than probable that Chili's title is one of might rather than of right. When Bolivia feels herself strong enough to war with Chili, unless some arbitration can be devised, a serious controversy will undoubtedly take place in South America over this little strip of arid, rocky, worthless ground, which nevertheless completes Chili's coast-line and makes it necessary for Bolivia to pay transit duties on all imports.

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Professor Moses Coit Tyler By the death of Professor Moses Coit Tyler at his home in Ithaca on Friday of last week, Cornell University loses an accomplished teacher, and the country a literary and historical scholar of wide knowledge and dispassionate temper who has made most important contributions to the history of American literature. Born in Griswold, Conn., in 1835, Professor Tyler was graduated from Yale in 1837, studied theology in the seminary at Yale and later at Andover, and became the pastor of a Congregational church in Poughkeepsie in 1860. From the first, however, his tastes were distinctly literary and scholarly, and in 1867 he accepted an invitation to the chair of English Language and Literature at the University of Michigan; exchanging that position later to accept an invitation to the chair of American History in Cornell University. He was associated with The Outlook, in the early days when it was The Christian Union, as literary editor; and his discriminating, sympathetic, and catholic spirit, with his broad literary scholarship, have been among the best traditions which The Outlook of to-day has received from the men who gave it its earliest impulse and direction. In 1881 Professor Tyler took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The first volume of his "History of American Literature," the most considerable of his works, was published in 1870, and remains the most comprehensive and carefully prepared account of our literature which has yet been given to the world. The work is notable for breadth of view, for sanity, and for first-hand knowledge of the material; it is full of literary insight and discriminating criticism. Professor Tyler's treatment of Jonathan Edwards as a man of letters is a capital example of his ability to see for himself before other people had begun to see. Nine years later he published his "Life of Patrick Henry," and in 1888 the second volume of his "History of American Literature," covering the literary history of the Revolution. Professor Tyler

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was a man of most agreeable personality; urbane, courteous, tactful—a charming companion, and of stainless and dignified life.

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The Late Dr. Momerie In the recent death of the Rev. Alfred Williams Momerie, of London, at the age of fifty-two, the Church of England has lost a man who, though she frowned upon him, did her good service. Few men have surpassed him in his peculiar line of so presenting the substance and spirit of Christianity in unconventional forms as to clear away the mental difficulties besetting the traditional mode of presentation. This gift gave Dr. Momerie a certain reputation outside of his native land, and his books obtained for him recognition both in Germany and America as an opener of rubbish-choked ways. He was a brilliant scholar, and carried off high honors in his university course. In 1880 he became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London, and in 1883 was appointed morning preacher at the Foundling Hospital. Here, however, he soon got involved with the ecclesiastical authorities by his disregard for conventional orthodoxy. Mr. Gladstone helped him out of difficulty in the college where he had been suspended, by transferring his professorship of logic from the department of theology to the department of arts. But his ecclesiastical career was shortened. He was a man of wide horizons, acute intellect, and vigorous utterance, both candid and fearless in putting the new wine into new bottles, with, perhaps, too little sympathy for those who preferred the old bottles. While thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit, his sermons were also marked by spirituality and simplicity. As specimens of them we may refer to the volumes entitled "The Origin of Evil," "The Defects of Modern Christianity," and "Church and Creed."

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The Temporal Power of the Pope Not long since, in an allocution, Leo XIII. indulged in his accustomed complaint concerning the secular Government's occupation of Rome. The Pope said in part: "It is truly a calamity that the Pontiff is despoiled forcibly of his just and legitimate sovereignty, which is closely bound up with the liberty of his ministry. The Pontiff is now held under the power of other men and subject to their arbitrary will." In a recent sermon Archbishop Ireland, as reported, prophesied that the Italian people would one day give back to the Pope his lost temporal power. He referred to Leo XIII. as a prisoner in the Vatican, voluntarily in that no physical force prevents his leaving its precincts, involuntarily in that he could not go beyond the Vatican grounds without impairing his dignity as Pontiff and seeming to accept the situation created for him by the entrance into Rome of the Italian troops. If, he said, the Pope is a civil subject of an authority outside of himself, he has not the necessary freedom; the ruler or government can interfere, can make laws impairing his freedom of action, or strive to impose methods more serviceable to the State than to the Church. "The Pontiff's words must bear no possible suspicion that they are imposed by men who have no authority in things moral and spiritual. If the Sovereign Pontiff be the subject of the King of Italy, what guarantee is there for other peoples and other rulers that, whether through fear or favor, Italian influences have not penetrated into the Vatican, and that Italian interests are not to be served?" Such statements are chiefly significant as coming from a prelate who has long been justly regarded as foremost in the liberal wing of American Roman Catholics.

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A Reply It might be sufficient to reply that the Pope was not freed from the suspicion of being controlled by Italian interests when he possessed temporal sovereignty. On the contrary, the Church was more truly an Italian church in the olden time than it is to-day; the influences that made it so were ecclesiastical, not political; and the Pope as a free citizen of a free State would be more Catholic than he could be as a sovereign over a wholly insignificant territory. It might further be added that Christ distinctly disavowed temporal sovereignty, that he regarded all such political entanglements as invalidating, not as strengthening, his spiritual independence and power. "My

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kingdom," he said, "is not of this world;" and it might well be asked why the Vicar of Christ should not accept the position and act upon the principles of the Master he is supposed to represent. "The servant is not above his lord." It is enough if he is "as his lord." It may further be added that, while even liberal ecclesiastics will probably regard themselves as bound to defend the temporal power so long as the Pope insists upon it, it can hardly be doubted that the Papacy would be stronger spiritually if it were to disavow temporal power altogether and rest its authority wholly on a spiritual foundation. We believe, indeed, that the most far-seeing and spiritually-minded Italian Catholics do not want temporal power for their supreme Bishop. From any other standpoint than that of the ultramontanes there is no more reason why Leo XIII. should have temporal power than why Archbishop Ireland should have it.

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Closing the Holy Door On the day before Christmas the Pope, with astonishing vigor, went through the elaborate ceremony of closing the Holy Door of St. Peter's. This door, which is known as the Porta Santa, is on the extreme right of the church, is indicated by a cross, and is opened only in the years of jubilee which come at intervals of a quarter of a century. The last celebration of this ceremony took place in 1825, and its picturesqueness and rarity make the occasion one of peculiar interest. The door was opened one year ago by the Pope by way of inaugurating the Holy Year, which is now closed. The ceremonies on Monday of last week began at eleven and closed at one; the Pope is reported to have intoned the Te Deum in clear and resonant voice; he was surrounded by the princes of the Church, the pontifical court, and it was estimated that eighty thousand persons witnessed the ceremonies. The great church was gorgeously decorated for the occasion, the pillars of the central nave being draped with gold-embroidered scarlet cloth, and the porch under which the ceremony took place magnificently decorated. On the left of the Holy Door the pontifical throne, covered with red and gold, was placed; on the right was a group of tribunes for royal personages, princes, prelates, and other distinguished persons; while every available inch of room in the church was occupied. The Pope was carried to St. Peter's in the Sacred Chair, entered the church through the Holy Door to the sound of silver trumpets, was borne to the High Altar, and knelt before the most precious relics in the possession of the Church, which were displayed for the occasion. He was then carried to the Chapel of the Sacrament, and from that point to the Holy Door. After the singing of a number of hymns the Pope descended from his throne, knelt before the Door, and laid with a golden trowel, which had been specially subscribed for by Catholics throughout the world, three gilded bricks bearing commemorative inscriptions; a casket containing medals and inscriptions was placed beside the bricks. A number of cardinals then performed a similar ceremony, after which the Door was closed with a canvas screen, and the Pope, having given solemn benediction, was carried back to his apartments in the Vatican.

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Missionary Funds Coincidently with an effort now making to raise a fund of $250,000 for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, it is announced that nearly five times that sum, or £250,000, has been bequeathed to the London Missionary Society, founded in 1795. The donor of this large sum, Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, is said to have lived in a penurious style, and to have been accounted miserly by his neighbors, who did not know that he was constantly giving both largely and anonymously to many benevolent objects. This is said to have been due to his early training. His parents were wealthy, but his mother brought her children up to believe that it was their duty, not only to give, but to give out of self-denial, for the spread of Christ's work in the world. In his case this teaching took such effect that it led into eccentricity, but there is no question that his mind was saturated with the idea of making all that he could accumulate by self-denial subservient to the cause of Christ. The income of his great bequest he desires to be devoted to new work for

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tribes or peoples who as yet have not received the Bible in their own tongue. The fund now being raised for the American Board is for a different purpose. While the gifts of the living are quite steady, the income from legacies varies greatly from year to year. The demands of the work being constant, there is need of a reservoir that can be drawn upon in dry years, and replenished afterwards. In this way it is hoped to avoid the frequent incurring of debt. Such is the design of the contemplated fund, for which pledges to the amount of $50,000 have already been obtained, and continued contributions are confidently expected.

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An American Forward Movement

The Outlook has already called attention to the forward movement among the English churches. Something of the same thing may be attempted here if the recommendations of the promoters of recent meetings are carried out. The central committee of the Volunteer Organization of Christian Ministers and Laymen appeals to all Christians to promote a national Gospel campaign for the advance and deepening of Christianity. In order to encourage and insure definite and practical action, the following suggestions are offered:

(1) That a volunteer twentieth-century Gospel campaign commission be organized at once to carry out the purposes of this movement in every city, town, and village in the United States.

(2) That such committee be organized by, and consist of, such Christian ministers and laymen as may be interested to promote this work.

(3) That such committee appoint a central, or executive, committee to direct the work.

(4) That in the larger cities district committees be appointed to carry on such work as may be planned in their respective districts, under direction of the central committee.

(5) That meetings for united prayer, preferably of a union character, be held, beginning on the evening of Sunday, December 30, and continuing each evening thereafter until the following Saturday evening inclusive (including a watch-night service on the evening of December 31, if desired).

(6) That the following week union noonday meetings be held each day, followed by "Week of Prayer" prayer-meetings, as recommended by the Evangelical Alliance, each evening.

(7) That the noonday prayer-meetings be continued the week following, and as long thereafter as the spiritual interest developed may seem to require.

This movement owes much of its energy to the initiative of the evangelist William Philip Hall. The appeal bears three dozen prominent signatures, among them being those of the Rev. Drs. Moffet, Purves, Burrell, Codman, and MacArthur, General Howard and Mr. J. R. Mott, of New York; the Rev. Francis E. Clark and Mr. J. W. Baer, of Boston; and Mr. W. R. Moody, of Northfield, Mass. Information as to the methods of organizing committees and conducting meetings will be furnished upon application to the central committee, 44 Broad Street, New York City. The Outlook does not wish to throw the least discouragement on this movement in saying that it cannot but think that the caution of the Master, "The Kingdom cometh not by observation," will make many devout Christians doubtful about this method of promoting it.

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The Hooligans

Chicago, London, and Paris are all suffering from ebullitions of lawlessness which alarm the decent portion of society. How it is in Chicago, and the cause of it, we all know pretty well. In Paris the trouble is with wage-earners of various sorts whom the closing of the Exposition has left stranded. These men, it had been predicted, would make a hotbed of revolutionary outbreaks, but their discontent has turned rather to predatory courses, and robberies are frequent. In London the trouble is with mere rowdyism that has been emboldened by impunity, and got to itself a name as "Hooliganism." According to the London correspondent of the Springfield "Republican," the name originated from a magistrate's misunderstanding a policeman's reply to his inquiry what a certain prisoner was: "He's of Hooley's gang, your worship." "A Hooligan!" said the magistrate, and the name stuck. The "Hooligan" is a young fellow of a dare-devil type, who lets off his steam after doing a good day's work. According to the letter-writer above quoted, he belongs to some gang, and prowls about at night with his mates, the terror of lonely wayfarers and women. These were the fellows who made London a pandemonium the night after the volunteers' return from Africa.

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Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, and others are demanding the application of the old-fashioned scourge known in the navy as "the cat" to these young brutes, as the most effective way of suppressing their beastliness. It is to be noted that the Hooligan is not a child of the slums, but lives in tolerably respectable quarters, and has gone through the Board (*i. e.*, common) schools.

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Anti-Semitism in Europe

The mad belief to which we referred last July as existing in Germany, that Jews sometimes murder Christians to obtain blood for ritual use, is said to have gained strength in Central Europe, and to affect large masses of the people with a frenzied hatred of the Jews, just as many of the Chinese have been inflamed against Christians by a similar delusion. The case has been fomented by a number of cases of mysterious murder, like those of the as yet undiscovered "Jack the Ripper," whose bloody deeds in the Whitechapel district caused such excitement in London a few years since. Recent victims in Bohemia were boys and girls, whose assassination in districts largely inhabited by Jews the populace, failing to discover any plausible cause, account as "ritual murder." A young Jew, who on a second trial has been found guilty as an accomplice in one such case, endeavored to clear himself by falsely accusing two other Jews as the real murderers, and asserted that he had seen them drawing off the blood, thereby strengthening the popular delusion. Millions of people in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia remain fixed in the superstitious belief that certain secret Jewish services are performed with the blood of Christian children.

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The Danish Islands

The State Department at Washington has unofficially confirmed the news that the Danish West Indies have been purchased by the United States, subject, of course, to an appropriation by Congress to meet the expense, which will be about five million dollars. The group includes the islands of St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John; the first named is the largest, having an area of about one hundred and ten square miles and a population of 18,000; it lies sixty-five miles southeast of Porto Rico.

This is Not War

Charles Sumner's definition of war is not only a classic but an authority. "War," says he, "is a public armed contest between nations, under the sanction of international law, to establish justice between them." Guerrilla warfare, therefore, is not war. It is a public armed contest, but it is not between nations, nor is it under the sanction of international law.

The Transvaal Republic challenged Great Britain to settle by armed conflict the question of sovereignty at issue between them. The Transvaal Republic was beaten, its President is in exile, its capital is in the hands of the English, its army is scattered. For roving bands of Boers to make attacks upon towns, hither and yon, is not war. It is not any part of a public armed contest between nations, under the sanction of international law.

Aguinaldo challenged the United States to a similar trial by combat of the question whether the responsibilities of sovereignty in the Philippines belonged to the Aguinaldo Government or to the United States Government. The issue was decided against him; his army is scattered; his country is under the control of the United States; he is in hiding. The acts of fugitive bands, firing from ambuscade, attacking undefended or ill-defended towns, combined to-day, scattered to-morrow, do not constitute war. This is not a public armed contest between nations, under the sanction of international law. War is bad enough at the best, but when a nation is defeated it should accept the defeat, as when a suitor before a court is defeated he accepts the defeat. It was the glory of the Southern States that when they had appealed to the wager of battle they did not yield until further resistance was impossible, but when organized armed resistance became impossible they accepted the result absolutely and loyally. The magnanimity of the North toward the South has been matter of frequent public commendation. The absolute and loyal acceptance of the result of the Civil War by the South is certainly matter for no less commendation—rather for greater, for the virtue was more difficult of exercise.

But if guerrilla warfare is not war, neither is the burning of private houses and the ravaging of a defenseless country.

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Both in the Transvaal and in the Philippines this course has been pursued in order to suppress guerrilla warfare. It is indefensible. It cannot be defended on the ground that it is war. When an armed public contest between nations under the sanction of international law to establish justice between them is going on, it does sometimes become necessary to destroy private property without compensation and to inflict injury upon non-combatants as the only means of obtaining victory over combatants, though even in time of war this is permissible only under the stress of extreme necessity. But, if we accept Charles Sumner's definition as accurate, there is no longer war either in the Transvaal or in the Philippines. The destruction of private property, the inflicting of irretrievable injury upon non-combatants, cannot be justified, therefore, on the ground that it is a war necessity. And it certainly cannot be justified on the ground that it is a necessary measure of government in a community not in a state of war. It is the first function of government to protect the right of peaceable citizens to their persons and their property. England has no right in the Transvaal, America has no right in the Philippines, unless each can, by the exercise of its sovereignty, protect persons and property in those territories. Our only justification for our being in the Philippines is that we have assumed the responsibility for exercising such protection, and that we cannot transfer this responsibility to the imperfect government of Aguinaldo. Destroying the property of non-combatants can neither be justified as a war measure nor as a means of public justice in a community not at war.

It is said that the guerrillas are practically bands of robbers. Then they should be treated as bands of robbers. We do not destroy private property or drive peaceable citizens into exile because their country is plundered by robbers. We do not destroy the farms nor cut the telegraph wires in the far West because train robbers plunder railroad trains. Neither on the ground that there is war nor on the ground that there is not war can the destruction of private property and the shooting or exiling of innocent men in the Philippines and in the Transvaal be justified.

We repeat, neither guerrilla warfare nor the destruction of private property of peaceable citizens in order to prevent guerrilla warfare is war; and neither is justifiable.

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Morality in Fiction

The article by Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon) on "The French Novel and the Young Girl," which appears in this issue of The Outlook, is interesting by reason of the distinction of the writer, the importance of her subject, and the light thrown upon the perplexing question of the degree of freedom with which certain matters shall be dealt with in literature. Madame Blanc is one of the foremost women of the time in dignity of life as well as in literary position and reputation; she interprets the French attitude towards the young girl with clearness and with authority. The American attitude is entirely different; but both peoples aim at the preservation, not only of purity, but of the bloom of the young imagination. The French believe that this can best be preserved by keeping the girl, so far as possible, ignorant of certain aspects of life; the American does not, if he is wise, wholly dissent from this view, but he believes that it is safer to impart the knowledge gradually than to let it come with a sudden shock, as often happens in the experience of French women. If the French restrict the reading of young girls too rigidly, it is certain that, in many cases, Americans leave it too completely without oversight or direction.

This question is part of the larger question of the proper limits of the disclosure of evil and of the knowledge of life in fiction. On that question there is evidently great difference of opinion and much confusion of thought.

In the first place, it must not be forgotten that there are many kinds of immorality. Much, if not most, of the criticism of books seems to proceed on the theory that too frank or too fervent descriptions of sins of passion are the only qualities which make immoral stories. This is not true; there are many kinds of immorality; and many stories which are widely accepted as ethically sound and even religious in their influence are essentially immoral. Any book which departs from the truth of experience, and presents a view of life which is not

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confirmed by the facts, is a false book, and therefore an immoral book; for nothing is so fundamentally immoral as falsehood. This was not only the fault but the vice of a good many so-called Sunday-school books, which put before young readers a view of life which was wholly misleading; which substituted self-complacent prigs for sound, sane, genuinely religious men and women; which identified the life of piety with morbid and unwholesome experiences; which misrepresented the Infinite by making Him the partisan patron of goody-goody children and the partisan foe of those children in whom nature was more powerful than conventions, and who were often healthy when they were portrayed as vicious; and, worse than all, which interpreted the moral government of the world as a system of retail bargains of so many good deeds for so many rewards. Books of this class have largely, though not entirely, disappeared; they were thoroughly bad, fundamentally immoral, and intellectually vulgar.

In this class must also be placed a large number of stories which are widely read by good people because they deal with the moral and religious side of life; books which are widely acclaimed as religious literature and are sold in vast quantities because they are supposed to appeal to the best in their readers. These books are immoral because they exaggerate, misrepresent, and distort the facts of life; they turn the struggle between good and evil into a lurid melodrama, and vulgarize every moral or religious issue they touch. They are to real fiction what yellow journalism is to real journalism; they pander to well-intentioned but unreflecting people much as the cheap sensational theater panders to the frivolous and prurient. They are read by hundreds who would not touch "Anna Karénina" or "Resurrection," and yet they are not fit to stand on the shelves beside those tremendous tragedies of the moral life.

In the second place, it must be remembered that a book is not immoral because it deals with an immoral act. Ignorance of this fact has led to a great deal of confusion in the minds of many good people. A very large part of the greatest and most significant art of the world deals with immorality. The essence of tragedy is conflict, and conflict is almost always the collision between the will of the individual and the will of God, as that will is expressed in the order of the world, the institutions of society, and the laws of civilized peoples. This conflict, in the record of which the spiritual history of the race is largely written and which supplies some of the richest material with which the imagination deals, has absorbed the creative genius of the world and has been the chief theme of much of its sublimest art; for art is at bottom an interpretation of the soul of man, of its relation to the world about it and of the order of that world. If morality, as Coleridge declared, is "the practice of duty; obedience to the moral law; virtue; goodness," then immorality is the reverse of these qualities, the denial of these virtues, departure from these standards. Now, it is precisely these denials and departures with which great literature deals; because through these inversions, perversions, and violations of the moral law and the moral nature the moral structure of the world comes into view and the fathomless significance of man's life in this world is revealed. The Old and a considerable part of the New Testament; the serious dramas, from Æschylus to Browning and Ibsen; dramatic poetry; and, above all, the noblest fiction, have dealt with immoral acts. Their high significance lies in the fact that they bind such acts to the actors by the very laws of life and write the story of man's career in terms of character. The Old Testament, the Greek tragedies, the tragedies of Shakespeare, Milton's "Paradise Lost," Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," George Eliot's "Adam Bede," and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" hold their places securely, not only as works of art, but as the great moral text-books of the race.

The essence of immorality in a novel is some kind of falsehood. This falsehood may take the form of separating the evil act from its consequences; this is the sin of the novel which portrays the pleasures of sensuality without instantly bringing into view its appalling retributions. It may take the form of exaggeration and perversion of the place and function of passion in normal experience; this is the offense of a small class of books like D'Annunzio's "Flame of Life," which is an expansion of

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passion to the very limits of experience, to the exclusion and repression of rectifying and correcting activities and interests. It may take the form of a too luxurious and alluring picturing of the sensuous life; a description which stimulates the imagination by its warmth, and awakens emotions to which art ought never to appeal. In stories of this kind the falseness consists in ignoring the essential vulgarity or vileness of the sin and its terrible reaction. It may take the form of too great frankness; many things which are not only good but sacred in their place and time become corrupt and corrupting when the light of publicity falls on them. The Greeks, with a true and sensitive instinct, shunned the horrible, and the bloodiest deeds in their tragedies were performed off the stage. There are sharp limits to wholesome expression; that which is pure in experience may lose its sanctity when it is hinted in speech; that which may be rightly suggested in a story or poem may be intolerable on the stage with the added emphasis of acting. If vice is to be wisely and wholesomely represented or dealt with in fiction, it must be bound always to its consequences; it must be pictured with restraint, for serious ends; it must not awaken either sympathy or desire; and it must observe that law of relation or fitness which makes men instinctively surround some natural and wholesome things with privacy. Every book which arouses passion, inflames the imagination, makes vice attractive, or portrays it too vividly, stains the mind and is to be shunned.

Many books which are entirely moral are not for young readers; this is a principle which it is difficult to apply, but it is clear and fundamental in the whole matter. The French go much further in disclosure of all kinds of experience than men of English blood, and there is special reason for keeping a great deal of French fiction out of the hands of young girls. The instinct and the training of the English-speaking race have kept it reticent where the French have been absolutely frank; and it is to be hoped that this deep-going repugnance to the free handling of the mysteries of life will not wear away. This instinct is not only moral, but is artistic as well. There is much even in good literature which is not proper food for the young imagination. The knowledge of life should come slowly and with sufficient interpretation from experience to give it perspective and rob it of that which feeds a morbid curiosity. To confine all literature to the experience of young readers would be manifestly absurd; it is necessary, therefore, to keep back certain kinds of books, not because they are impure, but because they are too far in advance of a child's experience. "Adam Bede" and "The Scarlet Letter" are stories of stainless purity, but they are not for the youngest readers. "Vanity Fair" is not for childhood, simply because the experience of childhood cannot interpret it. It is not easy in every case to draw the line between maturity and immaturity, as it is not easy in every case to draw the line between prudishness and too great frankness of speech; it must be drawn, as it is drawn every day in countless homes, by good sense and a knowledge of the individual reader. A moral book may produce an immoral effect upon a mind which is not prepared by experience to receive it; on the other hand, it must be remembered that wholesome boys and girls often read very mature books without an inkling of the things which might harm them. The decision rests with those who are responsible for youth, and it is for this reason that the reading of the young ought to have wise guidance and direction. Knowledge of evil cannot be withheld, but it must be imparted when intelligence, experience, and sound moral instincts have prepared the mind to receive it.

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Dangerous Foes

It was said of Jeremy Taylor that "nature had befriended much in his constitution, for he was a person of most sweet and obliging humour, of great candour and ingenuity. . . . His soul was made up of harmony; and he never spoke but he charmed his hearer, not only with the clearness of his reason, but all his words, and his very tone and cadences, were musical." This disclosure of a winning temper in a man of great genius finds its explanation in part in certain comments of the eloquent preacher touching what he calls little vexations:

". . . be careful to stifle little things," he writes, "that as fast as they spring they be

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cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit perish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversation. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family a man's reason cannot always be awake; and, when the discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion."

This goes to the very heart of the undoing of fine natures by small discomforts, petty annoyances, little troubles. They lose serenity, sweetness, and dignity because they fail to recognize the fact that a sting may be as dangerous as a wound, and that the trifle which costs a man his self-respect is as important, so far as he is concerned, as the great provocation which throws him into passion.

Character is fundamental in all relations; without it there is no real, genuine, effective human intercourse or co-operation. In all conditions and for all purposes it is essential that we be able to trust our fellow and to secure and hold his confidence. Next to character the most essential qualities for comfort, peace, and happiness are sweetness and serenity of spirit. These qualities are atmospheric iu their nature; they diffuse themselves through space; they make the weather in which we live; they flood us with sunlight or blight us with chill and gloom. Cheerfulness and sweetness are commonly regarded as temperamental; in many cases they are the natural expressions of harmonious and well-balanced natures. But they are quite as often the "lovely fruits of forgotten toil;" qualities which, by patience, care, and persistence, have been developed out of the most unpromising soil by refusal to yield to the tyranny of small vexations and the wear of wearisome details which of necessity fill a large place in every life.

These petty annoyances crowd every path of work or pleasure, and one must elect whether he will brush them aside with a strong hand or permit them to spring up and choke the finer growths in his soul. The irritable man is something more than a trial to the men who work with him and something worse than a steady discomfort; he is a depressor of vitality and therefore a waster of power. The warm, genial air does not invite delicate things out of the soil more potently than does the man of serene, sunny nature call forth the best energies of his co-workers. When such a man is in command, no time need be lost in attempts to make working adjustments with him; every man can put his whole force into his task. The irritable, peevish spirit in the household, succumbing to every petty annoyance, is absolutely fatal to that sweet and deep peace in which alone the affections put forth all their tendrils and bear their most delicate blossoms. There are women about whom the whole world blooms; where they are it is always June.

There is something pitiful in the defeat of a man by insignificant foes. When a strong nature falls before a powerful antagonist, there is the sense of tragedy, but there may be no sense of humiliation; but when a sting does the work of a wound, there comes a certain feeling of contempt. In the battle of life, which is a struggle, not only for integrity, but for sweetness, serenity, and peace, every man owes it to his fellows to make a brave fight. There is a kind of treason in surrender to petty foes. There are so many great troubles in life, so many appalling calamities, so many heavy burdens to be borne, and such difficult tasks to be performed, that it is cowardly to yield peace and sweetness to insignificant assaults on patience and good temper.

We are bound, not only to resist the things that imperil our integrity and peace, but to aid and succor our fellows. The man who flies into a passion because some small thing goes wrong, who is peevish, irritable, and disagreeable when additional work comes unexpectedly or unforeseen accidents occur, not only makes life harder for every one about him, but makes it harder at the very time when it is his plain duty to make it easier. The moral of the whole matter is that there are no small things; that the annoyance, however apparently insignificant, which costs a man his temper, is really important; and that we owe our fellows the duty of sweetness and cheerfulness quite as much as the duty of fidelity and honesty. On the eve of Agincourt, the quiet hopefulness of Henry V. was worth

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another army to the decimated English. In the ebb and flow of the daily struggle of men in the work of the world, the cheerful and sunny are bringers of strength and harbingers of victory.

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A Homily for the New Century

Those who have ever read John Fiske's portrayal of his childhood conception of God will not easily forget it:

> I remember distinctly the conception which I had formed when five years of age. I imagined a narrow office just over the zenith, with a tall standing desk running lengthwise, upon which lay several open ledgers bound in coarse leather. There was no roof over this office, and the walls rose scarcely five feet from the floor, so that a person standing at the desk could look out upon the whole world. There were two persons at the desk, and one of them—a tall, slender man, of aquiline features, wearing spectacles, with a pen in his hand and another behind his ear—was God. The other, whose appearance I do not distinctly recall, was an attendant angel. Both were diligently watching the deeds of men and recording them in the ledgers. To my infant mind this picture was not grotesque, but ineffably solemn, and the fact that all my words and acts were thus written down, to confront me at the day of judgment, seemed naturally a matter of grave concern.

Probably most of us who have passed middle life can recall a somewhat analogous picture of the deity, differing widely in detail, but essentially analogous in its conception of a very human God, generally royal or judicial in temper and office. And probably most of us have lost this conception forever. God is no longer to us thus localized and personified. Have we in this change also lost our faith in a personal God? Has he ceased to be a Person, and become a Law, a Power, or an Energy? If so, the loss has been incalculable, for it has been nothing less than the loss of religion. And it is but a poor recompense that the conception which has taken the place of the childish conception has gained in grandeur what it has lost in definiteness.

Doubtless such a change has come over the experience of many a modern thinker. He still believes that there is a Great First Cause, an Infinite and Eternal One, a universal Presence, a "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness;" but an intellectual conception has taken the place of an imaginative picture; a theory has been substituted for a Person. He might not be willing to call himself an agnostic, and yet much that he once fancied he knew concerning God he confesses to himself he no longer knows. He believes in God, but thick darkness is round about God's throne. If he dared to ask himself the question, Is God a Person, or does he transcend personality? he could hardly answer. If he seeks to define his thought of God, he finds it is a thought of a universal, ever-present, all-pervasive Energy, immanent in all nature, perhaps in all history, but personified nowhere. His belief in the divine immanence has enlarged the thought of God's majesty and power, but dimmed the glory of his person. The childhood form of theistic belief is lost; and though he would not say what Professor Clifford, with an abandon of frankness, has said, yet there is something in the sorrowful skeptic's experience which responds to Clifford's lament: "We have felt that the Great Companion is dead." The sense of duty toward his fellow-man is clearer than ever, and his desire to fulfill this is stronger and more resolute; but his reverence, his trust, his worship, is more vague, if not almost objectless. Frederic Harrison's suggestive phrase, "the ghost of religion," not inaptly describes the shadowy substitute which in many a life has taken the place of the very human awe and reverence for a very human God which formerly constituted the inspiration of worship, public and private. For there is but one answer, and that a negative one, to Frederic Harrison's question: "In the hour of pain, danger, or death, can any one think of the Unknowable, hope anything of the Unknowable, or find any consolation therein?" One may resent his seeming irreverence and yet one cannot reply to the argument which it involves: The formula (x^n) is the exact mathematical expression of the unknown raised to its highest power of infinity; but who, when the Unknown and Unknowable is substituted for his childhood conception of a human God, can seriously continue his earlier worship, changing its formula into the cry, "O X^n, love us, help us, make us one with thee!"

There can be no religion if there be no faith in a personal God; for religion is

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the intercommunion of person with person; it is obedience, trust, love; and obedience must be to a person, trust must be in a person, love must be for a person. If we love the person and substitute therefor an Infinite and Eternal Energy, we lose religion, whatever we may gain in philosophy. Reverence and love toward Xn are impossible. Nor can we substitute therefor Humanity, and worship man by spelling him in four syllables and beginning with a capital H. Humanity is neither an Ideal to be followed, nor a Being to be reverenced, nor a Lawgiver to be obeyed. If we can find nothing to take the place of the humanized conception of God which our childish imagination furnished us, except an Infinite and Eternal Energy, we must strike the first and greatest commandment from Christ's law and we must eliminate worship from our life. It is because men in all ages have realized the need of a personified God that they have interpreted him to themselves in images, wood or stone or canvas, or purely imaginative. This universal instinct is not without its divine significance.

The answer to this questioning of the heart is that God understands the instincts of the human race and adapts himself to them. He knows that we need a defined God, and therefore he defines himself; he knows that we need a human God, and therefore he interprets himself in humanity; he knows that the Infinite can be understood by the finite only through finite manifestations; that the universal Presence can be apprehended only in a Person; that he can be made known to men only as he is interpreted in the terms of a human experience. Therefore was he in Christ revealing himself to the world and reconciling the world to himself. What man needs God gives—an image of his Person, since his Person itself is too great for our acquaintanceship. For the fanciful image of a "slender man, of aquiline features, wearing spectacles," he substitutes in our experience the historic image of Jesus of Nazareth. In Jesus Christ the Great God is imaged, as the wide landscape miles in extent is perfectly imaged on the retina of the eye.

What is the office of religion? Is it not to furnish an Ideal which we may follow, a Lawgiver whom we obey, a Friend whom we may trust and love? Nothing can be called religion which does less than this. Out of the life breathed into us by the Eternal and Invisible Spirit we may form our own ideals, discover the divine laws, and find our inspiration. He who succeeds in this difficult task will have a religion which will not be in vain. But surely all this and much more is done for him who sees in Christ the image of God reflected in humanity. To him the life of Christ becomes an ideal to be followed, the teachings of Christ a divine law of life to be obeyed; and if he believes in the resurrection of Jesus, Christ himself becomes a personal and ever-present Friend to be trusted and loved.

The nineteenth century has witnessed the overthrow of the latest and subtlest form of idolatry, the worship of an imaginary deity created by human fancy, but not put into material form. The science which has compelled us to substitute a doctrine of the universal Presence for the old mechanical idea of God is the Gideon which has destroyed this image-worship. Whether humanity follows Clifford and Nietzsche and Strauss and John Cotter Morison to the conclusion that there is no God, no worship, no invisible world, no ideal to follow, no object to reverence, no Friend to trust and love; or whether, rid of our refined and cultivated idolatry, we find God brought near to us in a human experience, so that following the Ideal becomes simple, understanding and obeying the Lawgiver becomes easy, rejoicing in and being made strong by the Friend becomes human, natural, and constant—this will depend upon the question whether the Church is in truth a Church of Christ.

For since the doctrine of the divine immanence has destroyed the mechanical conception of the Creator and the political conception of the divine Ruler, it is more than ever before essential that the message of the Church should be a message concerning the Christ. The story of his life must be set forth as the true ideal of life, his teaching must be expounded as the true interpretation of the laws of life, his character must be portrayed as that of the living, personal, ever-present Friend: because in his life is the divine ideal of humanity, in his teaching is the divine law for humanity, and in his presence is the personal God revealed because veiled, and made known to man because interpreted in

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man. In Christ is God's answer to man's quest after God. In Christ is the divinely given personification of God to take the place of our childhood image, the true Humanity for which the idealized Humanity of the Positivist is but a poor substitute. In Christ is the Infinite and Eternal interpreted in a life finite and temporal that the finite and the imperfect may understand, follow, obey, serve, and love.

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The Spectator

"I told Ned that I should not keep on telling him to stand up straight. I am deadly tired of it. But I told him also that I utterly declined to stoop down to him." This was said by a lady in a street-car to a companion with whom she was evidently comparing domestic notes. The speaker was tall and slender and as erect as a sapling. The idea that she could stoop seemed improbable, the idea that she could stoop for more than a very brief moment impossible. If stooping was pleasant to Ned, it seemed perfectly plain to the Spectator that he would have to stoop alone, and in that pleasure he would never have either the companionship or the sympathy of his erect and very alert wife. It was impossible, however, not to speculate on what kind of a man this Ned was; and it was easy to reach the conclusion that he was short and stout and middle-aged, besides being easy-going and capable of becoming slipshod. His trousers probably bag at the knees, his boots have not the pristine polish of the dandy, and there are likely to be spots on the front of his waistcoat and the lapels of his outer garment. The world is monstrously full of such Neds; and they have had the good fortune, very, very frequently, to be mated with tall, fine women who face the world erectly and courageously and come in time inevitably to look down upon the husbands who are willing to stoop and to slouch during the elder half of life. Thackeray, the all-observing, did not note this exactly, but he did record another and similar fact—that whenever we see a particularly large, fine woman we are very apt to find tripping in her wake a small and insignificant husband or lover. Whether the love of nature for contrasts is responsible for this, or whether the incapable must be looked after by the capable, we do not know, but the arrangement seems to be as old as society.

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Erectness of bearing has a moral and a mental as well as a physical effect. When the mind is alert, the head goes up and the shoulders are squared. So also when the spirits are high and the heart is full of pure aspirations. Physical well-being absolutely demands that we should not stoop. If we lean forward, we contract the chest, and the lungs have not wholesome full play. When we start out to do anything that is brave and noble, we do not slouch; we look danger, when we are brave, straight in the face and go at it with head high and shoulders back. That is the way soldiers march; that is the way the bridegroom leaves the church when the solemn words have been said and he goes out into the world to meet the sweet responsibilities of life. Erectness of bearing is the sign of courage, the evidence of hope; slouchiness indicates decadence and is evidence of incapacity. One dandy in this busy world is worth half a dozen slovens. The dandies are more prompt, they are braver, they are more courageous, they are more self-respecting, they are in every manly quality finer and more worthy of the respect of both men and women. The slovenly man who slouches through life is a severe trial to men who must be thrown with him; how women can put up with him is one of those inexplicable things past finding out.

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But women do put up with slouchy men. Surely, however, this is not because the men are slouchy, but in spite of it. Women do not utterly rebel because the best and the gentlest women are so patient and charitable that they submit to every burden without complaint. Indeed, under the burdens imposed by incapable men women very generally improve, get stronger, and take the place which incapacity has abdicated. It is a very interesting thing to note that in many instances where a race is decaying the women seem to get stronger as the men get weaker and weaker. This is plainly observable in those Latin countries which are rapidly falling behind. The men are

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often too mean and disagreeable for the contemplation of nice minds; but the women are still fine, struggling against the fate that is working the downfall of their people, and growing seemingly stronger in the struggle. There are instances of this kind of decadence, however, much nearer home and easier and more painful to study. In some of the very oldest American communities the seeds of decay were planted long ago, and now the weeds have grown rank and menacing. In such communities the men seem to cumber the earth; they slouch through life from generation to generation growing ever weaker, ever more worthless. But the women are as brave as the men are contemptible. They conceal the ravages of decay as best they can, they keep crumbling homes together, they hide despair in dark closets, and face the world with heads high in the air and the smile of courage upon their sweet and noble faces.

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It is not a matter of sex that the male should be inefficient and the female efficient under adverse conditions of fortune. The same blood flows in the veins of the boy as in those of his sister. Sex has inherently nothing to do with this difference. Nor does a contrast between one bad and one good so bring the good into prominence as to make it seem more extraordinary than it is. No, it is not that, for these noble women in the communities to which allusion has been made would be strikingly noble and efficient in any surroundings in which they might be placed. They are nobler and stronger than the generality of women because they have found opportunities for the expansion and growth of the finer qualities of their nature. In a community which has reached the down grade all the evil influences which bear upon those who are coasting to disaster are brought to bear upon the men. They suffer from idleness and lack of opportunity; they succumb to the dissipations and the demoralization of stagnation; they embrace poverty as though it were something to be proud of; they stoop and they slouch, and are utterly undone without knowing what has happened to them. But the environment of the women is different. They are at home. To be sure, poverty comes to these homes, but not by any means as a welcome guest. Poverty, however, alone of the ills, except the men, enters these homes. The women know nothing in their lives of the idleness, the stagnation, the dissipations, and the other debasing things which do their sorry work upon the men. At home they have plenty to do, and the greater the poverty the harder the work, the greater the opportunity to get strong. And they do get strong. Their minds and their souls expand as the muscles do in the body of an athlete. Use and exercise in adversity make the women in such communities truly and superbly grand. There is much that is pathetic in their situation, but their nobility is also very inspiring. The pity of it is that their nobility, their sacrifice, their courage, will not suffice to change the general conditions which are working the extinction of every race which does not arrest decay immediately and radically as soon as it appears. The surgeons do this for the human body—now cutting off a leg or an arm, or taking a tumor from the intestines; what will arrest decay in the social body is another matter, a much more difficult matter, a matter not well understood.

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This seems a far cry from Ned and the wife who would not stoop to him; but it really is not far, not farther than right next door. The stooping Ned who lives with his brisk wife in New York is closely akin, in temperament at least, to those incapables who have slouched away from their responsibilities and left the burdens to be borne by wives, mothers, and sisters. This metropolitan Ned may be all right with the exception of his stoop, but it is very likely that nothing has saved him except the good fortune of his environment. Had he been born in one of the stagnant communities, he would very likely have spent his days sitting on a box in a village store, spitting at the stove for hours at a time, and only going home now and again to sleep and to be fed by the efficient woman who, no matter what her lot, never would have stooped for anybody or anything. The stooping Neds, whose environment has saved them, have every reason to be grateful, but no reason whatever to be proud.

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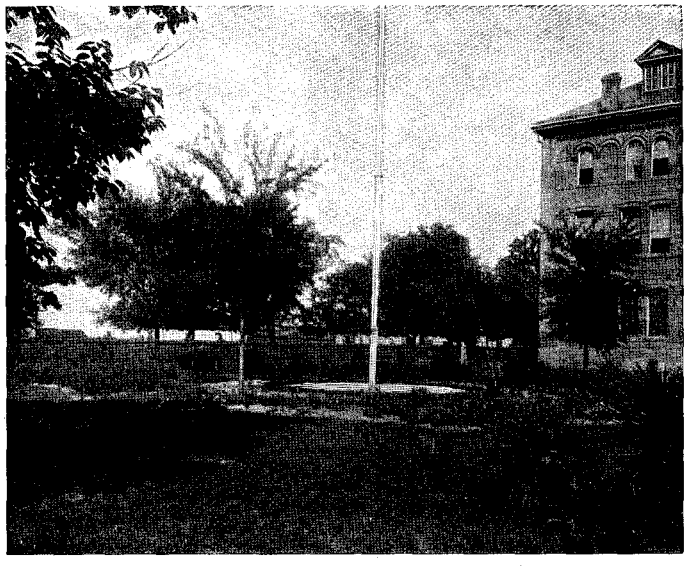
UP FROM SLAVERY[1]

An Autobiography



BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Chapter X.—A Harder Task than Making Bricks Without Straw

FROM the very beginning, at Tuskegee, I was determined not only to have the students do the agricultural and domestic work, but to have them erect their own buildings. My plan was to have them, while performing this service, taught the latest and best methods of labor, so that not only would the school get the benefit of their efforts, but the students themselves would be taught to see utility in labor, and also beauty and dignity; would be taught, in fact, how to lift labor up from mere drudgery and toil, and would learn to love work for its own sake. My plan was not to teach them to work in the old way, but to show them how to make the forces of nature—air, water, steam, electricity, horse-power—assist them in their labor.

At first many advised against the experiment of having the buildings erected by the labor of the students, but I was determined to stick to it. I told those who doubted the wisdom of the plan that I knew that our first buildings would not be so comfortable or so complete in their finish as buildings erected by the experienced hands of outside workmen, but that in the teaching of civilization, self-help, and self-reliance, the erection of the buildings by the students themselves would more than compensate for any lack of comfort or fine finish.

I further told those who doubted the wisdom of this plan that the majority of our students came to us in poverty, from the cabins of the cotton, sugar, and rice plantations of the South, and that while I knew it would please the students very much to place them at once in finely constructed buildings, I felt that it would be following out a more natural process of development to teach them how to construct their own buildings. Mistakes I knew would be made, but these mistakes would teach us valuable lessons for the future.

During the now nineteen years' exist-

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ence of the Tuskegee school, the plan of having the buildings erected by student labor has been adhered to. In this time forty buildings, counting small and large, have been built, and all except four are almost wholly the product of student labor. As an additional result, hundreds of men are now scattered in every part of the South who received their knowledge of mechanics while being taught how to erect these buildings. Skill and knowledge are now handed down from one set of students to another in this way, until at the present time a building of any description or size can be constructed wholly by our instructors and students, from the drawing of the plans to the putting in of the electric fixtures, without going off the grounds for a single workman.

Not a few times, when a new student has been led into the temptation of marring the looks of some building by lead-pencil marks or by the cuts of a jack-knife, I have heard an old student remind him: "Don't do that. That is our building. I helped put it up."

MRS BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

In the early days of the school I think my most trying experience was in the matter of brickmaking. As soon as we got the farm work reasonably well started, we directed our next efforts towards the industry of making bricks. We needed these for use in connection with the erection of our own buildings; but there was also another reason for establishing this industry. There was no brick-yard in the town, and in addition to our own needs there was a demand for bricks in the general market.

I had always sympathized with the Children of Israel in their task of "making bricks without straw," but ours was the task of making bricks with no money and no experience.

In the first place, the work was hard and dirty, and it was difficult to get the students to help. When it came to brickmaking, their distaste for manual labor in connection with book education became especially manifest. It was not a pleasant task for one to stand in the mud-pit for hours, with the mud up to his knees. More than one man became disgusted and left the school.

We tried several locations before we opened up a pit that furnished brick clay. I had always supposed that brickmaking was very simple, but I soon found out by bitter experience that it required special skill and knowledge, particularly in the burning of the bricks. After a good deal of effort we molded about twenty-five thousand bricks, and put them into a kiln to be burned. This kiln turned out to be a failure, because it was not properly constructed or properly burned. We began at once, however, on a second kiln. This, for some reason, also proved a failure. The failure of this kiln made it still more difficult to get the students to take any part in the work. Several of the teachers, however, who had been trained in the industries at Hampton, volunteered their services, and in some way we succeeded in getting a third kiln ready for burning. The burning of a kiln required about a week. Towards the latter part of the week, when it seemed as if we were going to have a good many thousand bricks in a few hours, in the middle of the night the kiln fell. For the third time we had failed.

The failure of this last kiln left me without a single dollar with which to make another experiment. Most of the teachers advised the abandoning of the effort to make bricks. In the midst of my troubles I thought of a watch which had come into my possession years before. I took this

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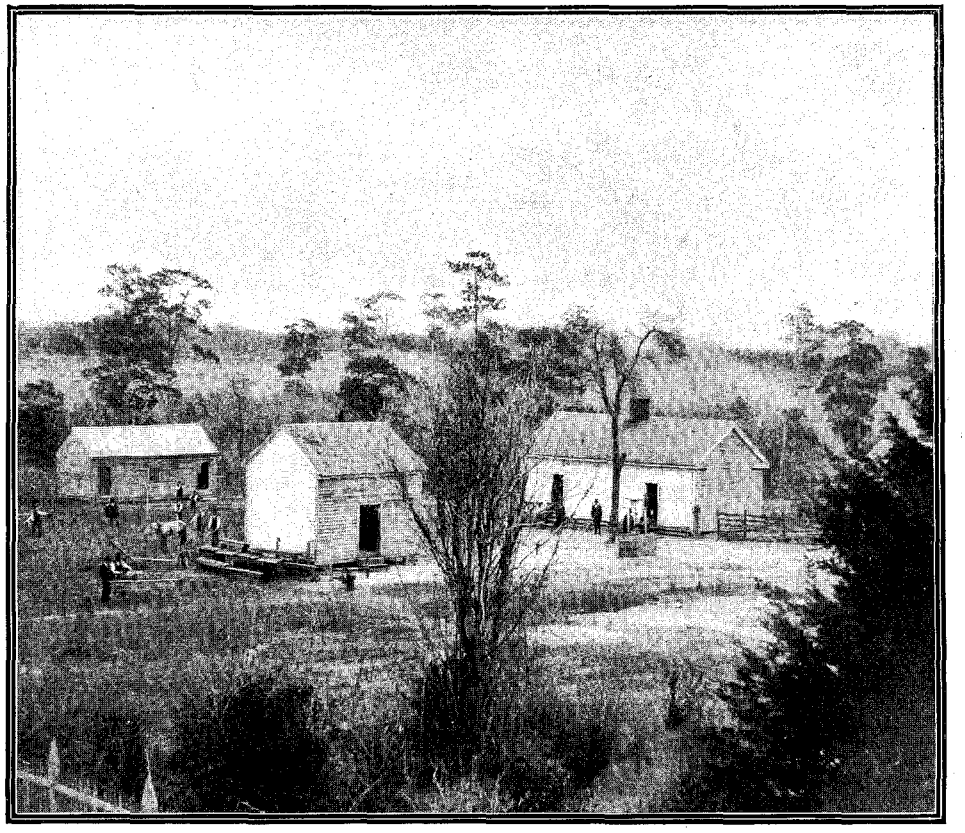

THE FIRST THREE BUILDINGS OWNED BY TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

These were outbuildings standing on the plantation when it was bought, and the school was moved into them.

watch to the city of Montgomery, which was not far distant, and placed it in a pawn-shop. I secured cash upon it to the amount of fifteen dollars, with which to renew the brickmaking experiment. I returned to Tuskegee, and, with the help of the fifteen dollars, rallied our rather demoralized and discouraged forces and began a fourth attempt to make bricks. This time, I am glad to say, we were successful. Before I got hold of any money, the time-limit on my watch had expired, and I have never seen it since; but I have never regretted the loss of it.

Brickmaking has now become such an important industry at the school that last season our students manufactured twelve hundred thousand of first-class bricks, of a quality suitable to be sold in any market. Aside from this, scores of young men have mastered the brickmaking trade—the making of bricks both by hand and by machinery—and are now engaged in this industry in many parts of the South.

The making of these bricks taught me an important lesson in regard to the relations of the two races in the South. Many white people who had had no contact with the school, and perhaps no sympathy with it, came to us to buy bricks because they found out that ours were good bricks. They discovered that we were supplying a real want in the community. The making of these bricks caused many of the white residents of the neighborhood to begin to feel that the education of the negro was not making him worthless, but that in educating our students we were adding something to the wealth and comfort of the community. As the people of the neighborhood came to us to buy bricks, we got acquainted with them; they traded with us and we with them. Our business interests became intermingled. We had something which they wanted; they had something which we wanted. This, in a large measure, helped to lay the foundation for the pleasant relations that have

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WARREN LOGAN
Treasurer of Tuskegee Institute.

EMMETT J. SCOTT
Mr. Washington's private secretary.

continued to exist between us and the white people in that section, and which now extend throughout the South.

Wherever one of our brickmakers has gone in the South, we find that he has something to contribute to the well-being of the community into which he has gone; something that has made the community feel that, in a degree, it is indebted to him, and perhaps, to a certain extent, dependent upon him. In this way pleasant relations between the races have been stimulated.

My experience is that there is something in human nature which always makes an individual recognize and reward merit, no matter under what color of skin merit is found. I have found, too, that it is the visible, the tangible, that goes a long way in softening prejudices. The actual sight of a first-class house that a negro has built is ten times more potent than pages of discussion about a house that he ought to build, or perhaps could build.

The same principle of industrial education has been carried out in the building of our own wagons, carts, and buggies, from the first. We now own and use on our farm and about the school dozens of these vehicles, and every one of them has been built by the hands of the students. Aside from this, we help supply the local market with these vehicles. The supplying of them to the people in the community has had the same effect as the supplying of bricks, and the man who learns at Tuskegee to build and repair wagons and carts is regarded as a benefactor by both races in the community where he goes. The people with whom he lives and works are going to think twice before they part with such a man.

The individual who can do something that the world wants done will, in the end, make his way regardless of his race. One man may go into a community prepared to supply the people there with an analysis of Greek sentences. The community may not at that time be prepared for, or feel the need of, Greek analysis, but it may feel its need of bricks and houses and wagons. If the man can supply the need for those, then, it will lead eventually to a demand for the first product, and with the demand will come the ability to appreciate it and to profit by it.

About the time that we succeeded in burning our first kiln of bricks we began facing in an emphasized form the objec-

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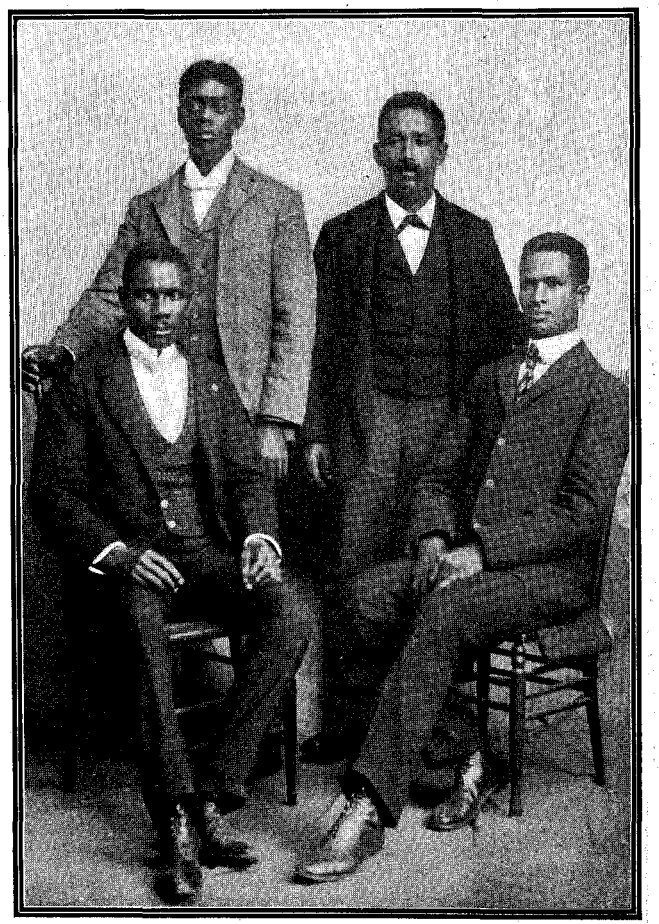
tion of the students to being taught to work. By this time it had gotten to be pretty well advertised throughout the State that every student who came to Tuskegee, no matter what his financial ability might be, must learn some industry. Quite a number of letters came from parents protesting against their children engaging in labor while they were in the school. Other parents came to the school to protest in person. Most of the new students brought a written or a verbal request from their parents to the effect that they wanted their children taught nothing but books. The more books, the larger they were, and the longer the titles printed upon them, the better pleased the students and their parents seemed to be.

I gave little heed to these protests, except that I lost no opportunity to go into as many parts of the State as I could, for the purpose of speaking to the parents, and showing them the value of industrial education. Besides, I talked to the students constantly on the subject. Notwithstanding the unpopularity of industrial work, the school continued to increase in numbers to such an extent that by the middle of the second year there was an attendance of about one hundred and fifty, representing almost all parts of the State of Alabama, and including a few from other States.

In the summer of 1882 Miss Davidson and I both went North and engaged in the work of raising funds for the completion of our new building. On my way North I stopped in New York to try to get a letter of recommendation from an officer of a missionary organization who had become somewhat acquainted with me a few years previous. This man not



AN INSTRUCTOR AND THREE GRADUATES OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

These men have gone to Africa, under the auspices of the German Government, to teach cotton-raising to the natives of Togoland. Ancestors of two of these men came from this part of Africa.

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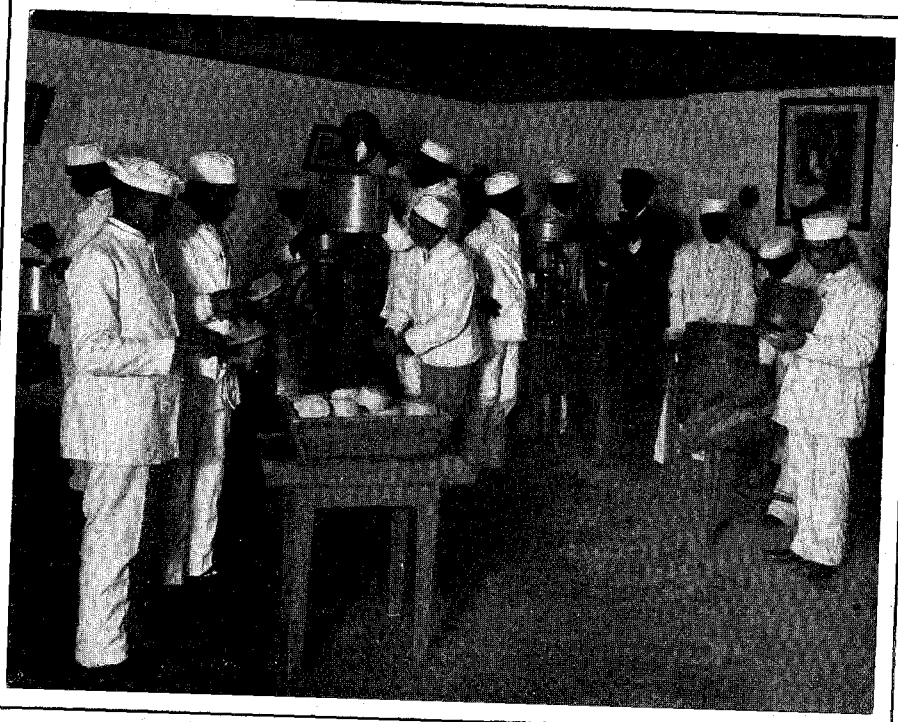

THE DAIRY CLASS

CLASS IN HOUSEKEEPING

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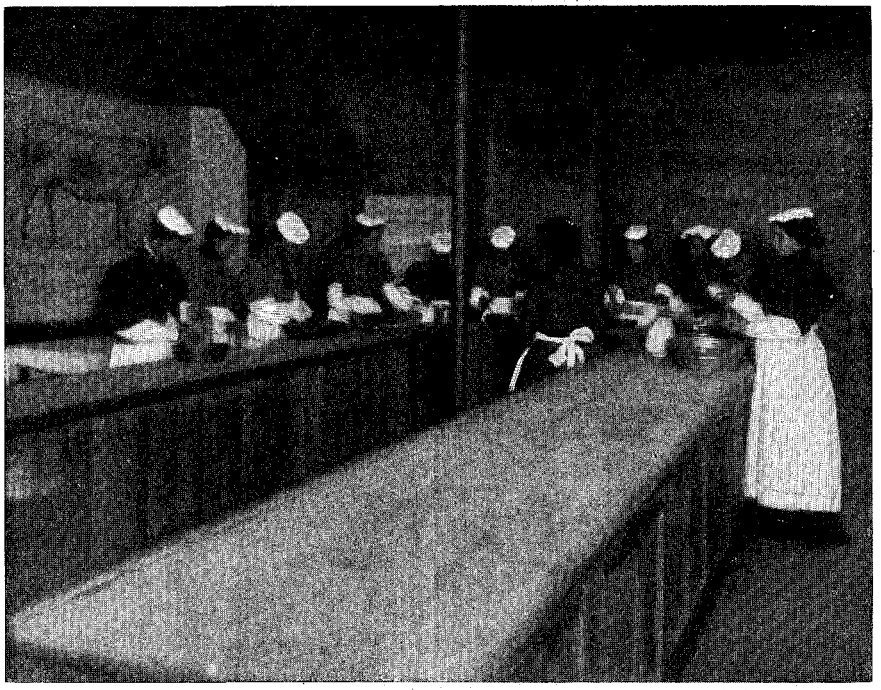
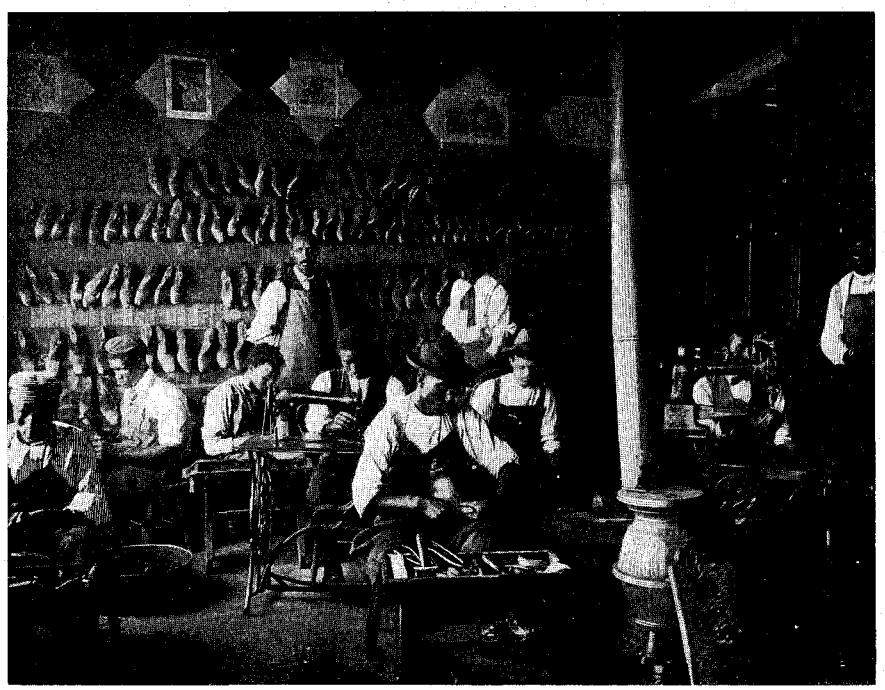


THE COOKING CLASS



CLASS IN SHOEMAKING

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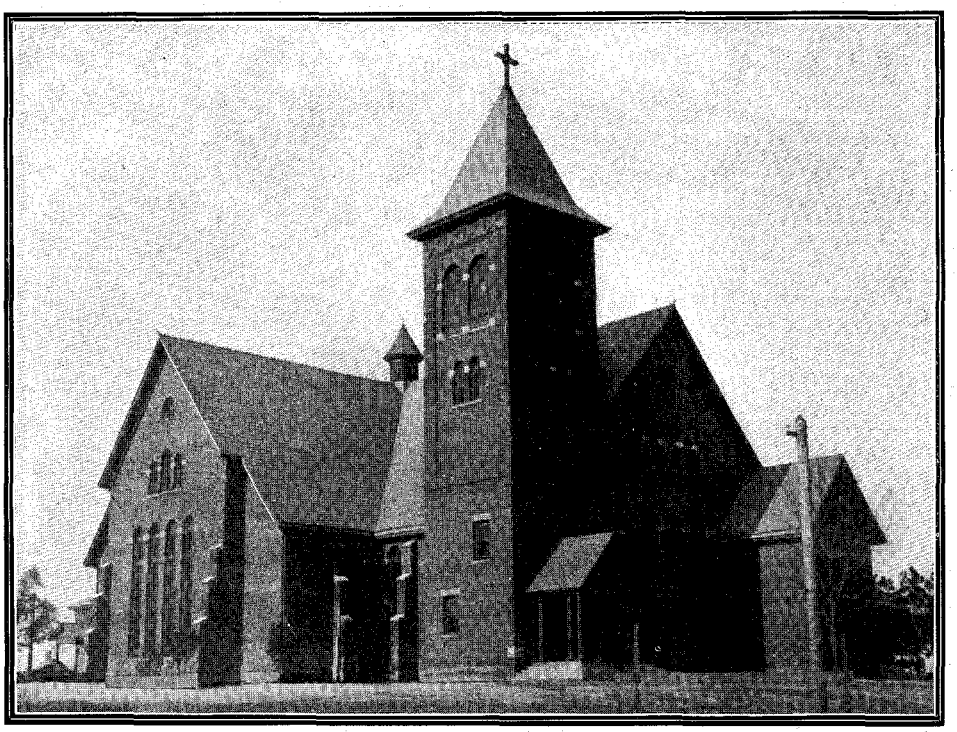
only refused to give me the letter, but advised me most earnestly to go back home at once, and not make any attempt to get money, for he was quite sure that I would never get more than enough to pay my traveling expenses. I thanked him for his advice, and proceeded on my journey.

The first place I went to, in the North, was Northampton, Mass., where I spent nearly a half-day in looking for a colored family with whom I could board, never dreaming that any hotel would admit me. I was greatly surprised when I found that I would have no trouble in being accommodated at a hotel.

We were successful in getting money enough so that on Thanksgiving Day of that year we held our first service in the chapel of Porter Hall, although the building was not completed.

In looking about for some one to preach the Thanksgiving sermon, I found one of the rarest men that it has ever been my privilege to know. This was the Rev. Robert C. Bedford, a white man from Wisconsin, who was then pastor of a little colored Congregational church in Montgomery, Ala. Before going to Montgomery to look for some one to preach this sermon, I had never heard of Mr. Bedford. He had never heard of me. He gladly consented to come to Tuskegee and hold the Thanksgiving service. It was the first service of the kind that the colored people there had ever observed, and what a deep interest they manifested in it! The sight of the new building made it a day of Thanksgiving for them never to be forgotten.



THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHURCH

Built by the students. The bricks for this building were made by the students at the Tuskegee brick-yard shown on the opposite page.

Mr. Bedford consented to become one of the trustees of the school, and in that capacity, and as a worker for it, he has been connected with it for eighteen years. During this time he has borne the school upon his heart night and day, and is never so happy as when he is performing some service, no matter how humble, for it. He completely obliterates himself in everything, and looks only for permission to serve where service is most disagreeable, and where others would not be attracted. In all my relations with him he has seemed to me to approach as

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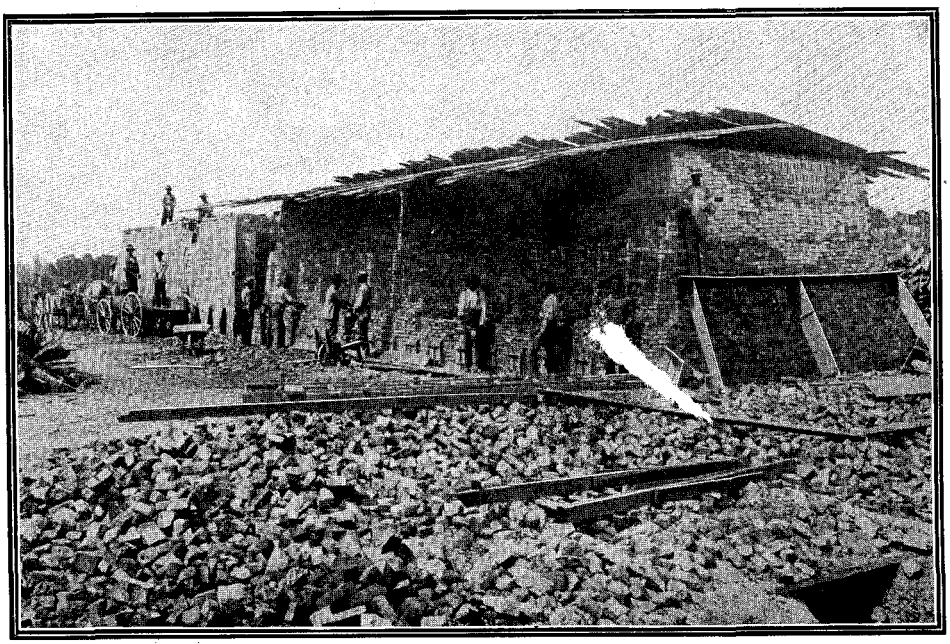
GIRLS' CLASS IN MARKET GARDENING, TUSKEGEE

nearly to the spirit of the Master as almost any man I ever met.

A little later there came into the service of the school another man, quite young at the time and fresh from Hampton, without whose service the school never could have become what it is. This was Mr. Warren Logan, who now for seventeen years has been the treasurer of the Institute, and the acting principal during my absence. He has always shown a degree of unselfishness and an amount of business tact, coupled with a clear judgment, that has kept the school in good condition no matter how long I have been absent from it. During all the financial stress through which the school has passed, his patience and faith in our ultimate success have not left him.

As soon as our first building was near enough to completion so that we could occupy a portion of it—which was near the middle of the second year of the school—we opened a boarding department. Students had begun coming from quite a distance, and in such increasing



TUSKEGEE STUDENTS LEARNING BRICKMAKING

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numbers that we felt more and more that we were merely skimming over the surface, in that we were not getting hold of the students in their home life.

We had nothing but the students and their appetites with which to begin a boarding department. No provision had been made in the new building for a kitchen and dining-room; but we discovered that by digging out a large amount of earth from under the building we could make a partially lighted basement room that could be used for a kitchen and dining-room. Again I called on the students to volunteer for work, this time to assist in digging out the basement. This they did, and in a few weeks we had a place to cook and eat in, although it was very rough and uncomfortable. Any one seeing the place now would never believe that it was once used for a dining-room.

The most serious problem, though, was to get the boarding department started off in running order, with nothing to do with in the way of furniture, and with no money with which to buy anything. The merchants in the town would let us have what food we wanted on credit. In fact, in those earlier years I was constantly embarrassed because people seemed to have more faith in me than I had in myself. It was pretty hard to cook, however, without stoves, and awkward to eat without dishes. At first the cooking was done out-of-doors, in the old-fashioned, primitive style, in pots and skillets placed over a fire. Some of the carpenters' benches that had been used in the construction of the building were utilized for tables. As for dishes, there were too few to make it worth while to spend time in describing them.

OLIVIA DAVIDSON WASHINGTON
Who sacrificed her life in hard work assisting in the foundation of Tuskegee Institute

No one connected with the boarding department seemed to have any idea that meals must be served at certain fixed and regular hours, and this was a source of great worry. Everything was so out of joint and so inconvenient that I feel safe in saying that for the first two weeks something was wrong at every meal. Either the meat was not done or had been burnt, or the salt had been left out of the bread, or the tea had been forgotten.

Early one morning I was standing near the dining-room door listening to the complaints of the students. The complaints that morning were especially emphatic and numerous, because the whole breakfast had been a failure. One of the girls who had failed to get any breakfast came out and went to the well to draw some water to drink to take the place of the breakfast which she had not been able to get. When she reached the well, she found that the rope was broken and that she could get no water. She turned from the well and said, in the most discouraged tone, not knowing that I was where I could hear her: "We can't even get water to drink at this school." I think no one remark ever came so near discouraging me as that one.

At another time, when Mr. Bedford—whom I have already spoken of as one of our trustees, and a devoted friend of the institution—was visiting the school, a bedroom immediately over the dining-room was given to him. Early in the morning he was awakened by a rather animated discussion between two boys in the dining-room below. The discussion was over the question as to whose turn it was to use the coffee-cup that morning. One boy won the case by proving that for three

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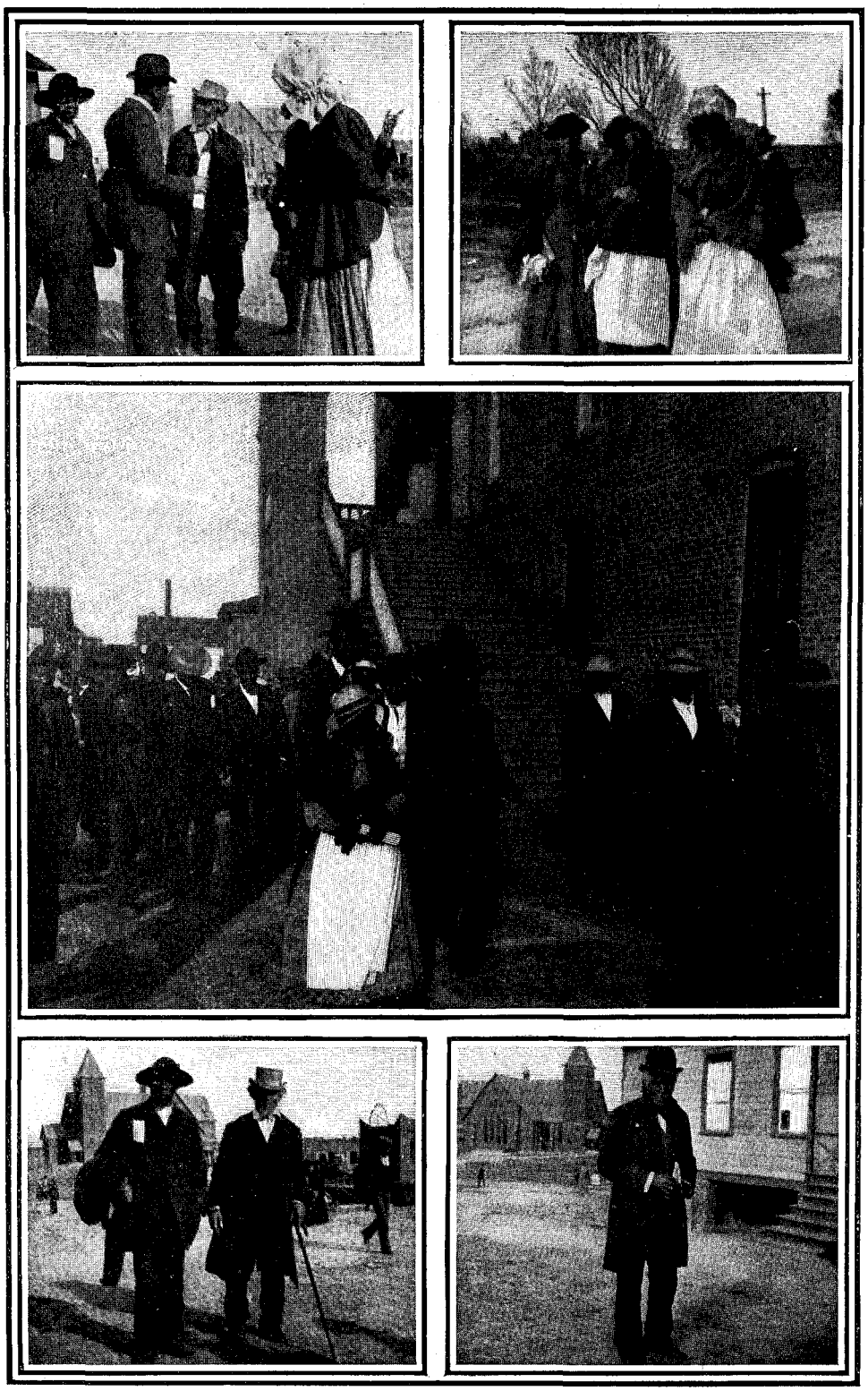

TUSKEGEE CONFERENCE TYPES

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mornings he had not had an opportunity to use the cup at all.

But gradually, by patience and hard work, we brought order out of chaos, just as will be true of any problem if we stick to it with patience and wisdom and earnest effort.

As I look back now over that part of our struggle, I am glad that we had it. I am glad that we endured all those discomforts and inconveniences. I am glad that our students had to dig out the place for their kitchen and dining-room. I am glad that our first boarding-place was in that dismal, ill-lighted, and damp basement. Had we started in a fine, attractive, convenient room, I fear we would have "lost our heads" and become "stuck up." It means a great deal, I think, to start off on a foundation which one has made for one's self.

When our old students return to Tuskegee now, as they often do, and go into our large, beautiful, well-ventilated, and well-lighted dining-room, and see tempting, well-cooked food—largely grown by the students themselves—and see tables, neat tablecloths and napkins, and vases of flowers upon the tables, and hear singing birds, and note that each meal is served exactly upon the minute, with no disorder, and with almost no complaint coming from the hundreds that now fill our dining-room, they, too, often say to me that they are glad that we started as we did, and built ourselves up year by year, by a slow and natural process of growth.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Pocahontas in England

By Sara King Wiley

THE larks are in the azure air,
Trilling a-wing,
And cuckoos in some deep-embowered lair,
Their dull and plaintive beat
Waveringly repeat,
While bloomy May scents every breeze with spring!
But she, with listless mien,
Through lanes o'erdrooped with green,
By rose-hung lodge and ivied hedge goes wandering.
The sunset gold is in the little rill
That by the square church-tower slips, glassy still,
A mirror for the dark and writhen yew;
Far, sweetly chiming bells the curfew ring,
The red-roofed village sleeps below the hill,
And off against the blue
A ruined abbey rears a gray-arched nave
By fronded columns tall,
And through the shadowed cloisters, cool and grave,
A group of shouting school-boys play at ball.
She sees, not with her eyes, but with her heart,
The stalking braves, the peakèd wigwams brown,
The pine fire's ruddy smoke; and slow tears start
And on her unmoved Indian face slip down.
Her spirit seeks the wild, wide woods,
Sweet with the scents of fall,
Where whirring partridge chase their broods,
And in the golden scarlet solitudes
The chipmunks call.
Hark, the great deer's crashing his fierce way!
The milk-white birches bend, the maples break,

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Till tossing tops tell where his pathway lies;
And lo, beside some lilied lake,
Where the blue herons wade and quick kingfishers play,
She starts the feeding doe, that halts to shake
A dripping head, and stamp the pool to spray
In wondering surprise,
Gazing at her the while with splendid, fearless eyes.

Wakening she looks upon the peaceful scene;
The level walks and gardens seem a part
With the brocade that sweeps the daisied green,
The white ruff cutting at her bronzy chin,
The pressure of her bodice, and within
The sick and mordaunt anguish at her heart.
She lays a laurel leaf in one hot palm,
The smooth, cool touch a symbol of sweet calm,
And vaguely still she searches in her mind:
"Once for a paleface risked I life and limb;
He was the bound, and I the fearless free.
Does this one know how greater far for him
The gift I gave, when that I left my kind
And lost my liberty?
Ah, would that I might sleep at last at home!"
The gravel cracks beneath a hastening tread;
Her sad eyes light, she lifts the sunken head,
Swiftly she turns to see her husband come.
Clasped in his arms and looking in his face,
With head bent back for kisses falling fast,
She has forgot the present, lost the past;
Nor would she move
Ever from out that instant's dear embrace,
Nor wish to rove,
For unto Love there is no time nor place,
Nor anything but Love.

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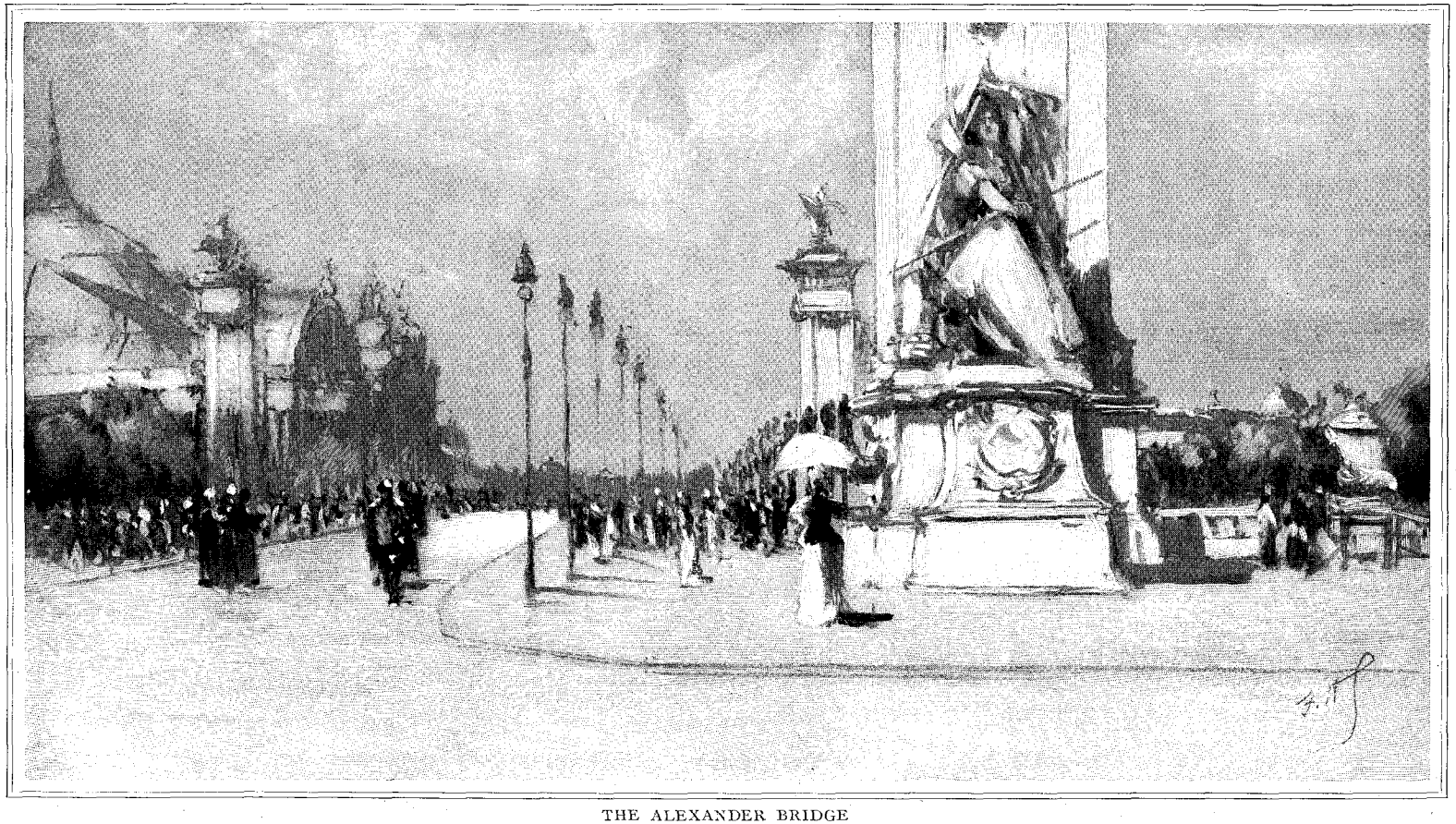

THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE

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THE PICTORIAL SIDE OF THE EXPOSITION OF 1900

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE FROM WATER-COLOR DRAWINGS MADE FOR THE OUTLOOK BY THE AUTHOR

FROM the huge, round-shouldered bath-chair of an entrance, topped by its tailor-made girl, to the filigreed candlestick of a tower straddling the Court of Honor near the Trocadero, there stretched during the past summer a great park, crowded with big and little pavilions, palaces, kiosks, booths, and towers of varying degrees of beauty and ugliness, known to the footsore and weary as the Exposition of 1900.

The iron candlestick, with its searchlight of a candle and its elevator crawling like a fly up and down its thousand feet of height, was an old friend, and, as the "Eiffel Tower," had served the purposes of a former international display. The bath-chair of an entrance was new. It was not, as was the candlestick, made of iron, but was fashioned from lath, plaster, broken glass, putty, old lace curtains, and glue. As every beholder, except the man who designed it and the committee who accepted it, was inspired with an almost irresistible impulse to topple it over into the Seine, it is to be hoped that its sphere of usefulness has already been terminated by the closing of the late Exposition.

This iconoclastic tendency, however, ceased the moment that one entered from the Place de la Concorde and, passing through the bath-chair with its incomprehensible flag-poles of stained glass standing guard on either side, stepped into one of the many gardens that everywhere gladdened the grounds of the Exposition.

The walks were level, trimmed to a nicety, covered with gravel screened to a size and kept scrupulously clean, and sprinkled the moment they became dry. They were bordered by thousands of seats, and patrolled by nearly as many gendarmes, courteous as they were alert. The flower-beds were raked, weeded, and watered. The flowers bloomed at their best. The famous big trees, dear to the heart of every Parisian, threw grateful shadows. The grass was as fresh as that of a spring meadow.

These pleasure-gardens were so extensive that a bird's-eye view of the Exposition would have presented only a noble park studded with trees, brightened by a glistening river running its entire length and spanned by great bridges—a park crossed and recrossed by avenues and boulevards on which thousands of pleasure-seekers were constantly wandering.

Nor would the park have differed apparently from many of the other vast breathing-spaces adorning Paris. Indeed, one could well believe that had some former habitué of Paris returned unexpectedly and stood on one of the bridges that linked together both sections of the Exposition grounds—on the Pont d'Alma, for instance—and had he looked down upon the great display, he would have found it difficult to realize that this particular section of the great city differed from any other section with which he had once been familiar. Certainly the crowds that thronged its avenues and streets would

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not have seemed any larger or busier than those which he had once known along the boulevards. Nor would the buildings have appeared more costly, the general effect more artistic, or the whole more imposing. He would have seen a new bridge, of course—the Pont Alexandre—a wonderful bridge, the most picturesque in all the world. And he would have seen two new art palaces on the left bank of the river fronting the Champs Elysées, in place of the old familiar Palais de l'Industrie. His eye would have caught a row of rounded greenhouses glistening in the sun's rays, and a forest of minarets, domes, and towers thrust above the tree-tops, besides rows of queer kiosks, temples, and booths lining the water, the whole gayly decorated with flags. But it would hardly have occurred to him, as he remembered the years of his absence, that all or any part of this conglomerate mass contained an Exposition commemorative of the arts and progress of the French Republic during the past century, or was other than one more expression of the gay and pleasure-loving spirit of the Parisian.

It would still be Paris to him—a greater Paris than he had seen years before—more Paris, perhaps, than he had expected to see—but still only Paris. If, to reassure himself, he had looked up the Seine, or down toward the Tuileries and Notre-Dame, and taken in the sky-line, the same vistas that had delighted him years before would have delighted him again. The bridges would have still hooped over the river, the swift steamers darting like swallows under the tunnel of their arches. His old friend, the Eiffel Tower candlestick, would still have raised its filigreed shaft high into the blue, the bold front of the Trocadero with its massive turrets still crowned the hill that dominates the Champ de Mars.

Beyond all this his curious eye would, of course, have lighted upon the great upright Ferris Wheel balanced on the horizon like a child's hoop. He would have noticed, too, the huge Globe touching the earth like a grounded balloon, a few more round or square buildings—but none of these objects would have counted in the sweep, nor would they have altered the landscape in his memory. "Paris is the metropolis of the world," he would have said—"they improve it every year."

This illusion would have been heightened by the ease with which the Exposition grounds were reached. For the little steamers that ply the river landed their passengers at the very front steps of the several pavilions; the cabs stopped just outside the ticket-stands, within stone's throw of the principal palaces, and the trams and 'buses gathered their crowds at the exit gates. There would have been but one new feature to account for—a green-painted fence twice as high as his head. It would only have been after he had passed through one of its many openings, and had left a franc behind for the privilege, that he would have begun to realize that something unusual confronted him—Paris being always wide open to all her devotees.

But, the gate once passed, he would still be in the city, the same people jostling him; here and there, perhaps, an Oriental in gay costume, or a Dahomey chief out on a holiday from the Jardin d'Acclimation. He would find the buildings less interesting than many of the superb structures on the other side of the fence, infinitely less beautiful than the Palace of the Luxembourg with its marvelous gardens, or the Park Monceau, or the Tuileries. For the high green painted fence kept only the cabs and omnibuses out; everything else inside this two inches of plank was the Paris that he had known for years.

The impression of this being only Paris after all was one of the disappointments of the Exhibition. The Government was not altogether to blame. No other site was possible. Part of it had been used twice before for similar enterprises, and there was no other space available within easy reach of four millions of Parisians, the Exposition's chief reliance. So they fenced in this section of the city itself, and squeezed into its already crowded space enough pavilions and palaces to hold their own and the world's exhibits.

It was, therefore, this transformation, or rather condensation, which robbed the present Exposition of many of those inspiring features of dignity and harmony which have distinguished other exhibitions of recent years, while the necessary huddling together of many of the buildings prevented the grouping of the more important structures into an architectural whole.

Some of the existing features—such as

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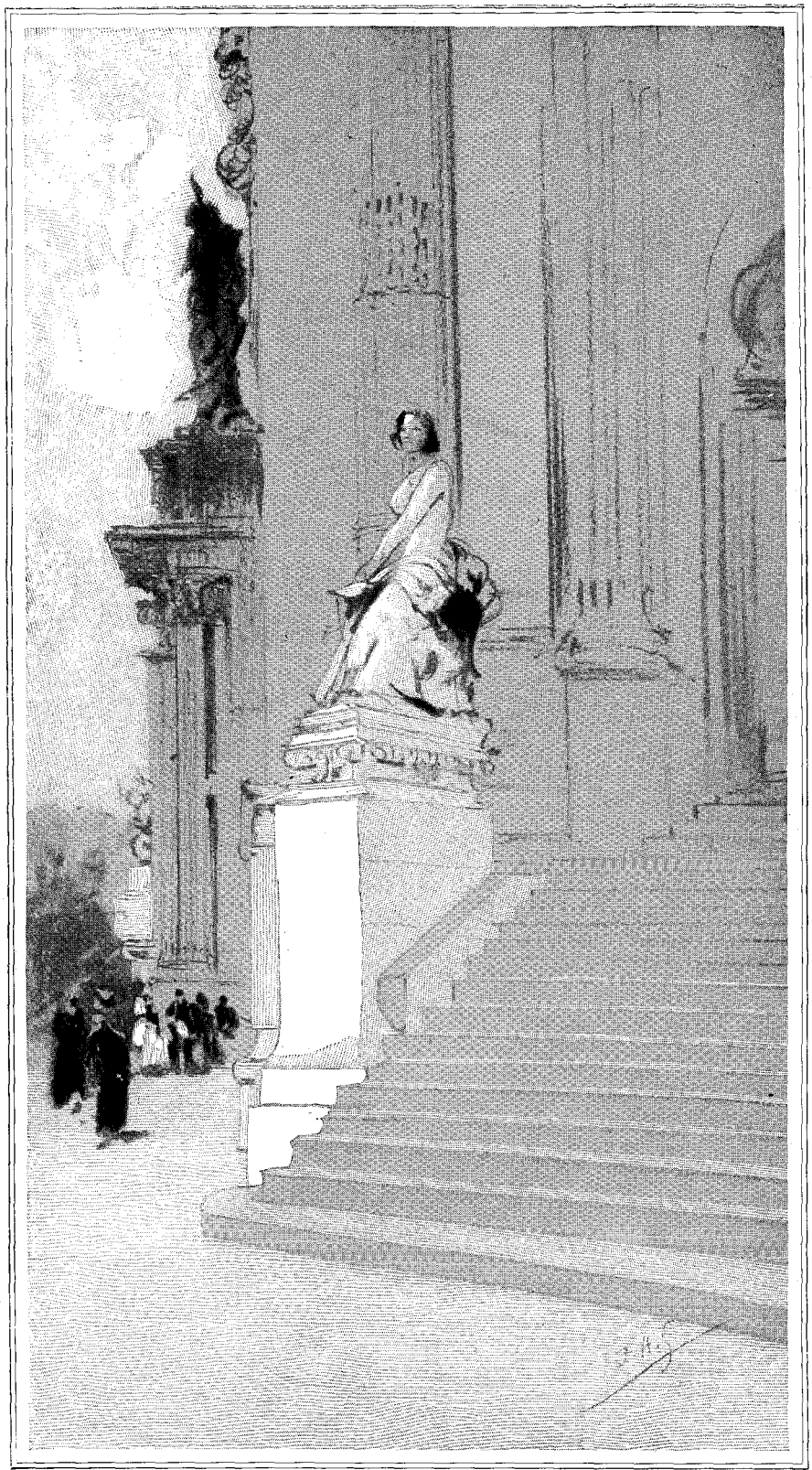

THE GRAND PALACE OF ART

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the bridges, avenues, and boulevards—belonged, moreover, to the municipality, and could neither be moved nor modified. Nor could the traffic of the city be interrupted for a moment, either during the construction or continuance of the great Fair. The smallest object—small as regards ground space—had to be considered. Nothing, for instance, could be done which would destroy or jeopardize the trees which everywhere make Paris beautiful. If a line of a pavilion included any one of them, then the line of the pavilion must stop short. The gnarled tree-trunk, for instance, which held up one corner of the Russian pavilion, when seen from inside the building, looked like a sample of Siberian timber decorated with semi-barbaric shields and strappings—a mere column supporting the ceiling. It was really one of the sacred trees of Paris—a vigorous old sycamore spreading its branches high above the roof, its future glory assured by a municipal edict.

These conditions hampered the architects, and, except in a few favored spots, rendered impossible the effects they sought and which otherwise they might have produced.

This fact alone makes comparison between our own Columbian Exhibition and the French Exposition a difficult task. And yet a desire to make such comparison naturally arises in the breast of every American.

Thus the Columbian Exhibition was not hampered by the conditions found in Paris. Its site lay outside the turmoil and whirl of Chicago, on a bare stretch of marsh and sand-dune, where there was room enough and to spare. The plan had only to be drawn along broad lines, and the steam dredge promptly bored its way in from the lake, carving out lagoons and waterways. The architectural effects obtained along this flat waste were due as much to this practically unlimited elbow-room as to the genius of the board of architects who caused a bare desert to blossom into beauty. They had only to use this square of land as they would a chess-board, placing pawns and castles as they wished, and the White City rose like a white wraith from out the ooze of the marshes.

The projectors of the French Exposition had no such elbow-room. The river, as I have said, and all its bridges, with their connecting streets and boulevards, were immovable fixtures, while almost every tree that spread its shade above the grass had to be considered. This curtailment of space, this arbitrary cutting of corners, greatly deplored by foreign governments and exhibitors, had, however, its compensations—it destroyed the possibility of that regularity of design so dear to the French landscape architect.

For the moss-grown rule in many French ateliers demands that all designs must be balanced and squared—as well balanced as the stretch between the Louvre and the Arc de Triomphe, where a line drawn along the middle of the Champs Elysée exactly intersects the Gambetta statue, the fountains of the gardens, the obelisk, and the keystone of the Arc itself. These geometrical parallelograms delight the Parisian.

"How beautiful!" said an admiring stranger, as he drove up the Champs Elysée. "The rows of superb trees, the great line of palaces, the majestic arch crowning the hill—it is perfect."

"No," said the Frenchman beside him, "not perfect. We could not arrange the sky."

At Chicago no such geometrical plan was attempted or considered. The arrangement, while symmetrical, was not formal. Nor did any two objects repeat themselves for the mere sake of balancing the general composition. It is true that Hunt's superb Administration Building filled one end of the loop, and that Atwood's marvelous Peristyle beautified the other, the connecting link being the Lagoon. But both these objects were so unlike in mass and detail that the regularity of the whole design passed unnoticed. A certain harmony of form followed—greatly heightened by the choice of material and color, especially that of the delicate ivory-white which drank in every sky-tone from dull gray to resplendent turquoise. The result was a vast sweep, a dreamy bigness, expressing a dignity, grandeur, and beauty which made you catch your breath when the full glory of the display burst upon you.

Another difference between the two expositions was to be found in the points of view obtainable. In Paris there was

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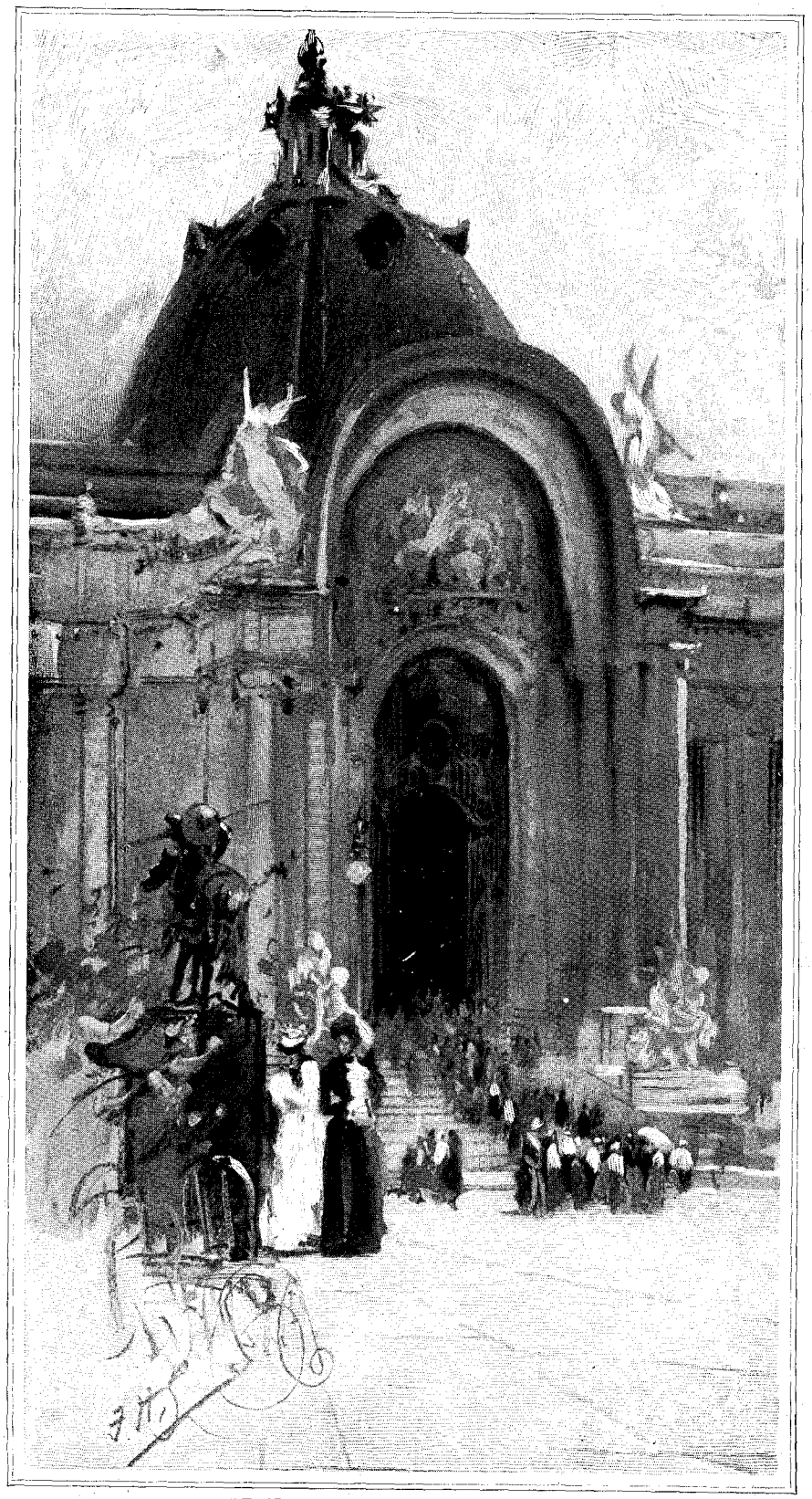

LE PETIT PALAIS—MAIN ENTRANCE

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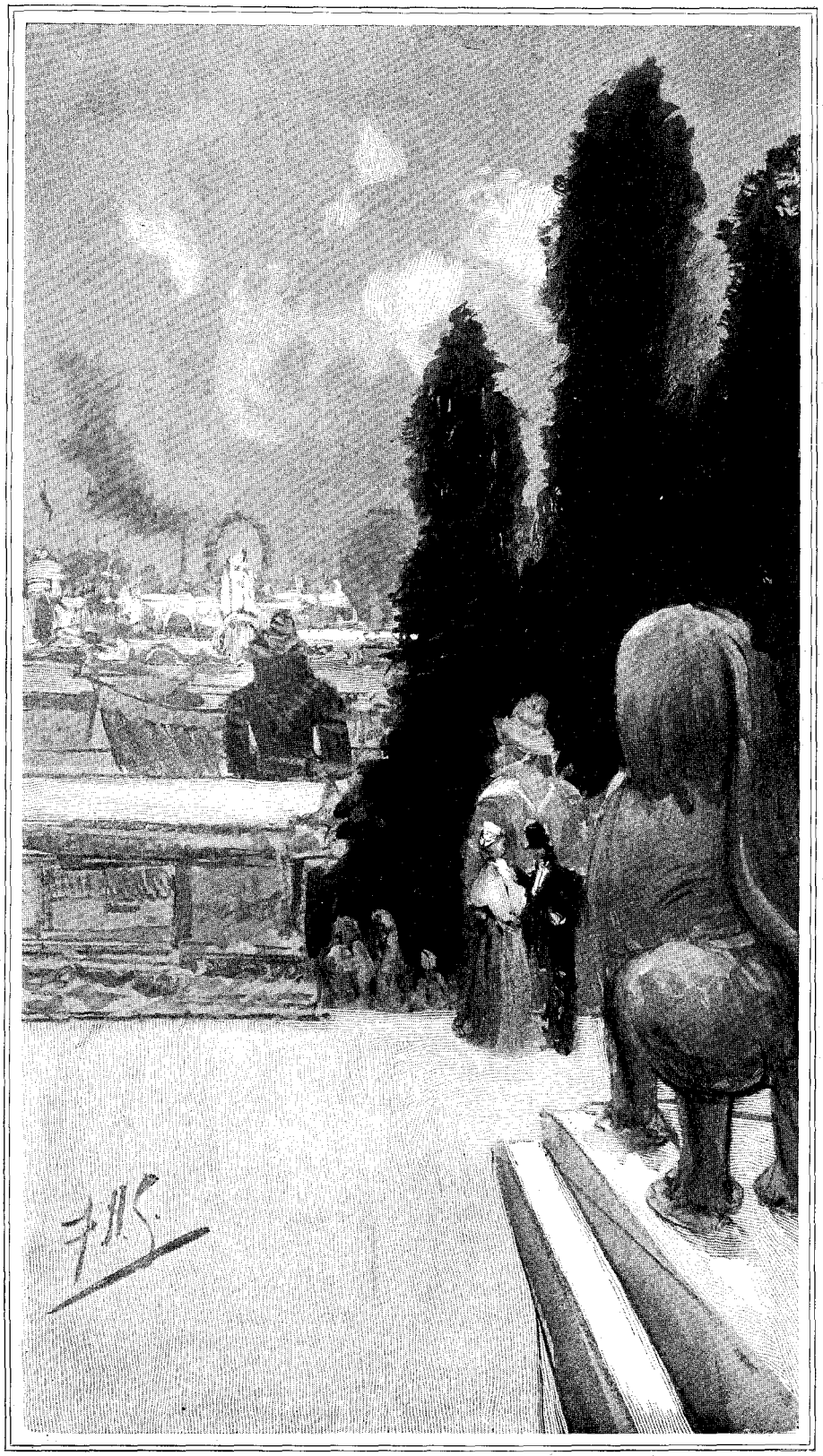

FROM THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE

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really no one point from which the whole extent of the display could be seen, unless, perchance, one climbed a tower or soared heavenward in an anchored balloon. Even when some supposed point of vantage was gained, the view never rose to the dignity of a grand vista. Nor did any one building help any other by reason of its proximity. From one end of the Alexander Bridge, for instance, looking toward the Champs Elysées, one could see the full sweep of the wonderful bridge, with its square columns topped with gilded figures, the roadway thronged with people; but no other structure about it helped the composition. The two new Art Palaces were in evidence—the little one behind the trees, and the big one against the horizon—but neither of them counted in the general whole. When you walked nearer, you lost the full effect of the Bridge, and when you walked away you lost the Palaces. Your best view of the Grand Palais was from the steps of the Petit Palais, and you had to walk over to the Petit Palais to see the Grand Palais in its entirety. So it was with the view from the terrace of the Trocadero. One could look, to be sure, down the broad street which was flanked by the Russian Pavilion, toward that of Algiers at the foot of the hill, with the Eiffel Tower candlestick and electric fountains beyond; but it was like looking down any other broad avenue hemmed in by high buildings.

At Chicago, on the other hand, every step around the Lagoon gave a new and commanding picture. There were, moreover, numberless points of sight, notably from the little bridge spanning the outlet canal of the Lagoon—the one lying between French's statue and Atwood's Peristyle—where the eye at one sweep caught the full glory of a display unequaled in our own and perhaps in any other period of the world's history. Men's hearts have glowed at sight of what is left of the Parthenon; the Taj Mahal has thrilled with its white beauty; and the City by the Sea, guarded by the Campanile, has compelled an admiration and love which in some of us savors of idolatry. But nowhere on the globe—no, not in a thousand years—have the eyes of man fallen on so exquisite an architectural group as was seen at sunrise of a summer morning, the haze of the Lake softening the outlines of the buildings reflected in the still Lagoon, every minaret, dome, and roof ablaze in the silver light.

"The Dream City," one woman called it. Others named it "The City of the White Lady," "The Wonder of Aladdin," and the like. Or some more devout and impressionable soul, looking in wonder at this marvelous spectacle, would compare it to the Eternal City, with its streets of gold, or liken it to some fairy picture conjured from out the tales of his youth, and equally vague. This universal inability to find words with which to express the beauty of the Columbian Exposition, or any name or title by which to convey the impression it produced, always seemed to me to be the strongest proof of its unique originality. No such profound impression was made by the Exhibition at Paris.

Other comparisons between the two Expositions naturally suggest themselves. The assumption that France holds first place in the art of the world is no longer true, if this Expositon held her standards. This claim may have been true fifteen years ago, but it is not so now. I have the effrontery to hazard the opinion that only four distinct new notes have been sounded in France in the past fifteen years. These are by Cazin, in landscape; Rodin, in sculpture; Rostand, in poetry; and that incomparable wizard, Réné Lalique, who in his exercise of the goldsmith's art displays a genius that astounds the world. Many others have rung their silver bells both in art and literature, and still ring them to our delight—Zola, Coquelin, Bernhardt, Gérôme, Bastien-Lepage, Bonnat, and the others—but these silver bells were cast long before 1875.

Many influences have produced this change. Some of them are due to national and social conditions outside the scope of this paper, and have no place here. Others can be more easily traced. One of them is, unquestionably, the steady progress in art made by foreign competitors; notably that of the little band of men who have come out of the West, and whose canvases have been of late years hung upon the line beside the best that Paris could produce. These Americans have pressed hard for this position of first place, and still do. One had only to walk through

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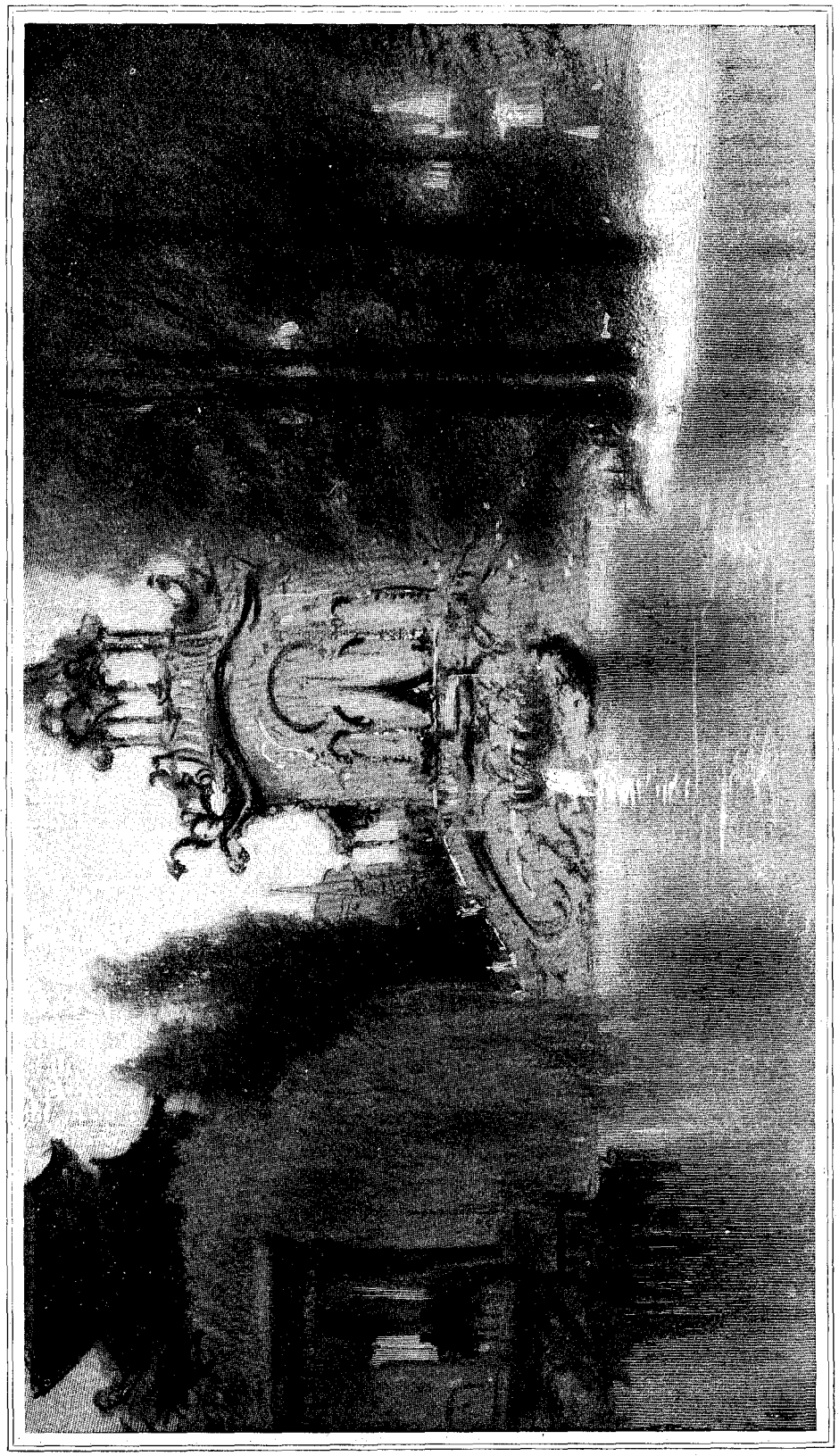

LE PAVILLON DE GLACE

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the late Exposition to begin lifting his hat in recognition of this fact. There was one picture in particular—a small canvas by Winslow Homer—"A Wave on the Maine Coast," which could have kept an American bareheaded for hours if he had had enough red corpuscles running through his veins to set his heart tingling when his eye lighted on some master-effort of his countryman. If there was another landscape in the Exposition expressing more power, truth, beauty, and poetry than was contained within its modest space, I could not find it. The Jury of Awards gave Mr. Homer the Gold Medal. That was what he deserved, and that was very well as far as it went, but they should have studded the medal with diamond stars—one for every grateful State in the Union.

And Homer was not alone. There were Sargent, and Abbey, and Whistler. These men proved what our American school has accomplished. Inness is gone, to be sure, and so are Homer Martin and Wyant, but Tryon, Davis, Bruce Crane, Hassam, Palmer, and a dozen other landscape-painters are alive, and so are Chase, Cecilia Beaux, Brush, Thayer, and the rest of them. Eminently sane painters these, with a thought behind every brush-stroke; and painters, too, who have crowded so close to the top that Europe for the first time has this year caught sight of their heads.

If, however, this Exposition lacked the ineffable beauty which one found in Chicago, it presented in place of it a subtle picturesqueness not found in our own. This quality of the picturesque was not, of course, seen in the Bath-Chair nor in many of the other monstrosities that some absinthe-laden brain had evolved from strainings after the queer. Nor was it felt in that display of sensationalism which has of late weakened if not degraded much of the art of France, and which, if this Exposition is to be regarded as furnishing standards, is now beginning to be felt in her architecture. It was to be found, however, in the many charming and delightful bits that one met in sauntering along the garden-paths of the superb Park. Indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of the whole area within the inclosure, with all it contains, was almost wholly one of picturesqueness.

The entrance of the Petit Palace, for instance, with its deep-set rounded arch and dome of gold and purple, incrusted with statues grouped about it, suggested neither dignity nor classic beauty, and yet it was so picturesque that it became one of the delights of the Exposition. The Alexander Bridge was equally fascinating. One did not, of course, hold one's breath, overwhelmed by its grandeur. The span itself, as seen from the river, was not even graceful, nor did its piers and abutments compare favorably in design with many of the other bridges binding together both sides of the Seine. It was only when the great square towers surmounted with gold-plated sculpture, the bas-reliefs on each side, and the broad open plaza effect of the roadway greeted you, that you began to get any lump in your throat or confine your vocabulary to the Ohs! and Ahs!

This new bridge, of which all the world is talking, by the way, suggested few of the qualities which have made other bridges famous—solidity, spring of arch, lightness, and grace. It is only a great promenade—a section of the Champs Elysées, without its trees, spanning the river, decorated with wonderful pedestals holding equally wonderful gold statues and bas-reliefs of stone and bronze. It needs a thousand people in gay costumes to make it enjoyable, and it will undoubtedly have them always wandering over its roadway, so charming and attractive is its open-air quality.

The less important objects which made this or that spot delightful also added to the picturesque effect of the whole. The Palace of Glass, while it was but a big child's kaleidoscope at night when the lights flashed within, was wonderfully picturesque in the day. It was built on a little lake overhung by weeping willows and surrounded by smaller grotesque kiosks, booths, and cafés. Each individual structure around this Glass Palace, judged by itself, might have passed for the creation of an unbalanced brain, and yet the general mass of gold and vermilion kiosks, seen against the rich green foliage, the whole reflected in the smooth stillness of the toy lake, produced an effect so charmingly picturesque that you invested a sou at once and sat down in an iron chair to enjoy it.

You felt the same quality even in the

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details of the larger buildings—in those of the Grand Palais, for instance. None of the architects seemed to have dared to trust to the power and beauty to be obtained by the use of simple lines and broad flat surfaces. The side entrance leading from the Champs Elysées approach was in itself a dignified flight of steps flanked by simple columns. But here again the restless and unskilled hand of the designer broke the line of the steps and decorated the level with a statue. Without this statue—for it is only an ornament, and as much out of place as a Milo would be on a mantelpiece—the entrance would have gained a dignity which would have stood for classic beauty. With it the flight of steps becomes only picturesque.

This quality was found also in almost every one of the national buildings—whether they were the work of French architects and designers, or those of other countries. The high tower erected by the little kingdom of Monaco, that rose out of the Street of Nations; the Buddhist temple on the brow of the Hill of the Trocadero and overlooking the valley of the Court of Honor—as well as the various buildings of the several Governments erected along the Seine—were all picturesque.

No, not all.

There was a narrow shoe-box of a building, surmounted by a half-round fly-screen of a dome with a horse and rider backed into one end, that stood near the beautiful Italian building, and inside and out it possessed no other quality than one of pure, unadulterated ugliness. If the picture of the "Wave on the Coast of Maine" instinctively caused every American proud of his blood to bare his head, this shoe-box should make him wish to hide it in a diver's helmet, cut his air-hose, and drop quietly and peacefully into the oblivion of the Seine. Charles Sumner defined Thackeray as the most perfect of gentlemen because, when visiting him in Washington, he carefully avoided by word or look all reference to Jackson's equestrian statue, although they passed it arm in arm twice a day. But then the great satirist never saw the American Building at the French Exposition of 1900.

The American architect whose name has been connected with this monstrosity needs no defense from those of us who know his work, especially that classic structure on the lake front at Chicago. We need not "bite our thumbs" at him. But there is still due an explanatory note, omitted at the bottom of the official catalogue, giving us the name, age, and nationality of the distinguished gentleman who caused this libel on our good taste to be erected where all the world could see—and laugh.

And the people who thronged the side-shows of this vast pleasure-ground were as picturesque as their surroundings, and as necessary to the general stage-setting as the coryphées and supers in a pantomime. Turks in fez and baggy trousers locked arms with Algerians in embroidered jackets and balloon skirts. Black men from the Colonies took their coffee side by side with the palefaces of the boulevard. Long processions of African chiefs with their wives and warriors, beating tom-toms and brandishing spears, threaded their way through the crowds. Or a dozen scantily attired houris from Bagdad followed behind a huge, shambling camel led by an Egyptian demanding backsheesh, the houris distributing advertisements giving the hour and place of the next dance while the camel swayed his neck over the tables of the open-air cafés, the waiters dodging out of his reach as he passed. Once or twice a day a Dahomey girl, with her cheeks as brown and shining as the bowl of a meerschaum pipe, would stride down the board walk dressed in a square of calico and a string of beads, or a party of John Chinamen, in their little stub-toed shoes and silk tunics, would hurry by as if avoiding attention.

It was hard to believe, in spite of the genuineness of their appointments, that they were not the Simon-pure article, each and every one of them—fresh from jungles, harems, or rice-fields. I would often find myself sympathizing with these poor exiles, banished from home to make a Parisian holiday. One poor Dahomey chief—a sad chief, with an abnormal thirst and an insatiable craving for cigarettes—especially appealed to me. I would have contributed my mite to send him home, had I not passed him one day in an entrance gate. He had his two

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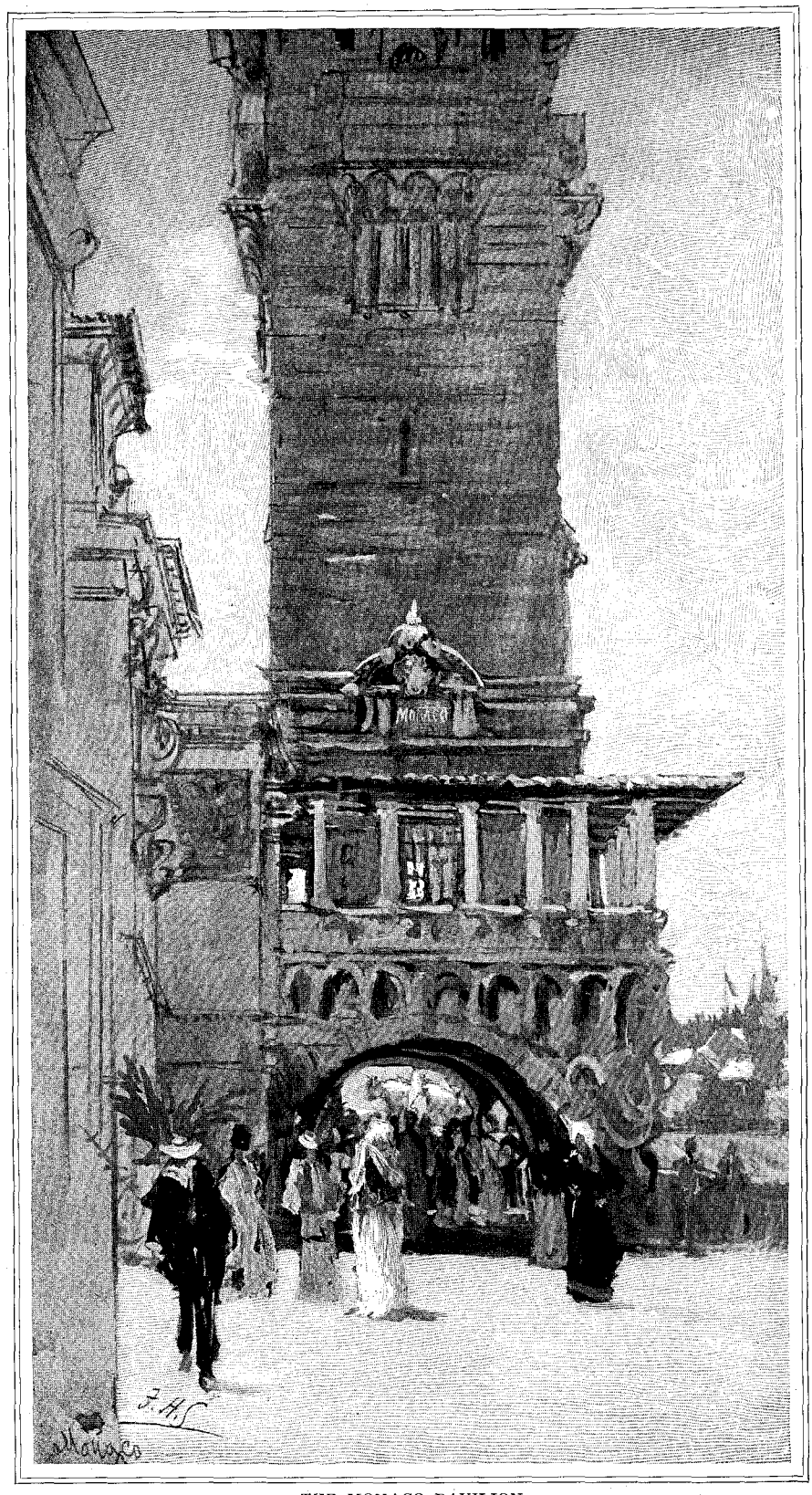

THE MONACO PAVILION

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THE PAVILION OF ALGIERS—REAR ENTRANCE

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wives with him, mountains of flesh these, in calico and beads and head-dresses of feathers. The officer of duty saluted, and the salute was returned by his dusky Highness and their Imperial Fatnesses, not, as I expected, by a rubbing of noses or prostrations on the asphalt, but in true Parisian style, the wives dipping a little forward, while the Chief's two fingers jerked up toward his head-dress, as if it was a fatigue-cap and he an officer on parade. I caught their dialect as I passed in, but it sounded to my comprehension more like that of the Latin Quarter than of the jungle.

So, too, with a charming dark-eyed gazelle from Persia—a wavy, lithe, and thinly-clad young odalisque, with dreamy eyes and a wealth of blue-black hair. She wore a veil of silken gauze when my eyes first looked into hers, with a tunic of gold and silver and a head-dress of coins. Her voice was slightly worn, but that was because for many days and nights she had stood at the door of the Moorish Palace recounting in seductive tones the delights within its tile-incrusted portal. When I drew nearer, and, to conceal the purpose of my advance, ordered a cup of coffee of the waiter in a dialect I had learned shortly after my baptism, and which I am still able to speak with some fluency, she started, beckoned me to her, and, with a smile that would have beguiled the most cruel of Sultans for a second thousand nights at least, said:

"From New York? ain't ye? Gee! Don't I wish I was there now!" And then, in answer to my astonished inquiries, "No, I come from Detroit; my man's inside here running the show, and I gits 'em in. Oolah! oolah!!" and the din began again.

I had another shock.

It was not a girl this time, but a great mass of superbly carved brown-stone serving as gate-posts for the marvelous iron gate presented by the Czar of All the Russias to the French Government in commemoration of the Exposition. As it will one day close the entrance to a palace or a park, where all the people can see and rejoice over its workmanship, I was glad that the sham of lath and plaster—the "staff" of which all the ephemeral buildings of the Exposition had been constructed—had in this instance been replaced by solid stone masonry.

One day, to reassure myself, I, like a doubting Thomas, thrust in my knife. It would have gone clean through but for a nail in the lath!

But, then, is not all this sham and pretense characteristic of every Exposition? Are they ever real? And, if not, is it best to peep under the curtain of the tent and catch the clowns off their guard? Shall we lose faith in the Woolly Horse, or the Wild Boy from Borneo, or the Man-eating Gorilla from Timbuctoo?

I try not to, but I often fail. Somehow I can always see the laths grinning behind the plaster, and the pale, drawn face of the tired girl under her paint.

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THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

From a recent photograph by Lafayette, London

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WOMEN IN 1800 AND 1900[1]

BY

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

IN this year of grace 1900, a year claimed so fiercely by both the past and the coming centuries that it might well be held to be neutral ground, we are constantly invited to pause and consider the progress of the world during the last hundred years. And each time that we accept this invitation, from whatever point of view it is made, we are more deeply impressed with the wondrous change that has been worked in every department of life and in all relations of society.

If any phase in this progress can claim to be more remarkable than another, it is surely that which has wholly altered the position held by women from that which they occupied in the year 1800. This revolution, which has been making itself felt in a greater or less degree in every country of the globe, is so often spoken of as if it affected women only, and as if it were the outcome of a movement initiated by aggressive beings desirous of asserting their own rights at the expense of those of men, that it is well to inquire what these changes really mean, and how they affect the world at large.

It is a wide subject on which we are entering, but we shall find valuable sources of information ready to hand in the seven volumes published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, of London, containing the Transactions of the International Congress of Women held in London in 1900. It is only by a close examination of the papers contributed to that Congress that the significance of that gathering is grasped.

The object of the Congress was largely misunderstood at the time, for it seemed impossible for the general public to comprehend that women workers from all over the world should think it worth while to come together from such distances and at so much personal expense and inconvenience without seeking to advance some special movement or movements. And when we succeeded in convincing a few here and there that such was the case, we then found ourselves labeled as hopelessly unpractical. A Congress convened simply for the purpose of enabling its members to meet one another in the flesh, to exchange views, and to give information regarding matters of common interest to the workers assembled from different countries! This apparently was held to be puerile and useless to a degree. And yet it would seem that all Congresses are apt to share this weakness. We do not hear complaints of the learned and scientific societies when they meet in conference because they do not come together with the definite object of combining in a crusade to popularize some new discovery. And the promoters of the Women's Congress steadfastly declined to be led away from the object they had set before them by the enticing prospect of being able to use the Congress as an opportunity for forwarding the special reforms aimed at by any section of workers, at the expense, perhaps, of the opinions held by other sections.

The business of the Congress was to promote the aims of the International Council of Women, under whose auspices it was held, and whose main end and object it is to bring women of all countries who profess to work for the good of humanity into friendly relations with one another, no matter what their race, their party, or their creed. To be in a position to form such ties of mutual understanding and confidence, the leading women workers of different countries must be brought into personal contact with one another, and correct information regarding the workers and their work must be disseminated. The Women's Congress of 1899 marked long strides made in pursuit of these ends. The writers of the papers collected in these volumes were by no means self-elected exponents of their themes, but were recommended by the Women's Council in each country in conference with a committee of experts at headquarters on the particular subject to be discussed. Thus it comes about

[1] Suggested by the International Congress of Women.

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that those who attended this Congress had a right to speak on behalf of the women of their own country and in virtue of personal work or experience, and we can accept the greater part of the facts stated, as facts attested by those who have borne some share of the heat of the day.

What, then, does this advance, this revolution in the position and opportunities of women, amount to? And whither is it tending?

As to the change, only a few illustrations will suffice, and I must ask to be excused if they are taken from England.

Professions. In 1859 a society was formed in London for "Promoting the Employment of Women." Classes for teaching typewriting and law-copying were started, and an address to tradesmen was issued urging the employment of women in trades suitable to them. An outcry was raised at tactics which would "take women out of their proper sphere." No other professions except teaching music, literature, and the drama were considered suitable. At the Congress of 1899 papers were read on the work done by women as doctors, journalists, inspectors, librarians, artists, musicians, dramatists, clerks, nurses, agriculturists, local government officials, architects, horticulturists, and also in the fields of scientific research, including astronomy, biology, and geology, and in various handicrafts such as jewelry, carving, bookbinding, technical and decorative designing, etc.

Nursing. It is difficult to believe that in 1847, when Sir Edward Fry published an invitation to women to come and be trained in the Haslar Naval Hospital, there was not a single response, and that at the time of the Crimean War there was no regular hospital training-school for nurses either in Great Britain or America. We have no statistics at hand of the number of nursing training-schools now existing, but they form so much a part of what we regard as the necessities of life that we can scarcely understand a condition of things under which no nurses save Sarah Gamps could be obtained. And yet this was actually the case in the time of our own mothers and grandmothers.

Medicine. Women were allowed to practice medicine in several countries in Europe before either the United States or Great Britain would sanction the necessary training. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was the first woman to obtain her medical diploma in the United States, in 1849, after many struggles, but it was not till nearly thirty years later that women were admitted to any medical degree in Great Britain. Now a considerable number of women qualify every year both for practice in their own country and for work in Oriental countries, where, if women are to have the aid of medical advice at all, they must have it through women.

The census of next year will reveal much as to the number of women now engaged in professional, educational, and industrial work. Already in 1891 it was found that 17,859 women were entered as commercial clerks, accountants, etc., in Great Britain and Ireland, as against 404 in 1861; 8,546 were employed in the Civil Service, as against 1,931 in 1861; 4,527 women printers, as against 419; 1,340 women chemists and druggists, as against 388; 3,032 painters and artists, as against 853; and 53,044 trained nurses where none were thus entered thirty years previously.

Education. The Section on "Education" at the Women's Congress by itself reveals changes so vast in the attitude generally adopted towards the education of women during the last fifty years that it is difficult to imagine the period when a smattering of accomplishments was considered the best preparation for life and life's duties. A hundred years ago even Hannah More thought that teaching poor children to write would lift them out of their proper station, and fifty years ago Miss Frances Power Cobbe could say of the education given at the most expensive boarding-school at Brighton, "Nobody dreamed that any of us could, in later life, be more or less than an ornament in society. That a pupil in that school should become an artist or authoress would have been regarded as a dereliction." Contrast periods and conditions when such statements could be made with the present, when educationists from all over the world can meet and discuss the results of the various methods used to develop the girls under their care to their very utmost —Kindergarten, the Primary School, the Secondary School, the University, the Technical College, the system of Co-education—these and a hundred more

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subjects were canvassed and compared with the interest bred of experience and a conception of what *may* be.

Industrial Life. Or take the industrial life of women, and inquire into the numbers of women in all countries earning their livelihood at trades and factories, and consider what these papers have to tell us of the condition of things which has been created by the great influx of women workers. Consider the labor legislation and the factory acts passed in various countries, and the two schools of thought which argue for and against such legislation. We can no more than mention these sides of women's life, nor, again, the organized social and public work now being carried on in large part by women, of which work there was barely a trace one hundred years ago. Only one or two of our great missionary societies had then begun their operations; and certainly of women's work, such as we know it, there was absolutely nothing before the days of Elizabeth Fry, outside the convents or among the Quakers.

When Hannah More wanted to hold her Sunday-school under an apple-tree, having been refused the use of a building, the occupier of the land begged her to go elsewhere, for fear of her hymn-singing blighting the tree. And now, supposing we were to remove the women workers from their labors in prisons and workhouses and hospitals, from the causes of temperance and purity, from church work and charity organization, from Sunday-schools, from clubs and associations for women and girls, where should we be?

These and many other thoughts will be aroused in our minds by the perusal of the thoughtful and well-informed papers read at the International Women's Congress, and we shall be left meditating as to what indeed will be the result to the world of these vast changes in the position, education, opportunities, and work of women.

It is surely a false notion to look at such matters from the point of view of the women only, and not to recognize that the great changes which have been effected have radically altered the outlook of the whole human race. How could it be otherwise when it has been conceded in a greater or less degree in all civilized countries that women have a right to be educated in a thorough way for the work of life as well as men, and that no lower ideal can be accepted than the full development of every human being, man and woman alike?

The working forces of every nation are thereby more than doubled, and that, too, by reinforcements who have in their hands the greatest influence in the formation of character and in the education of the coming generation. We are now in the process of solving the problem of how these forces are to be used for the fullest possible advantage of humanity. There is still much, very much, to be accomplished before the power of prejudice, backed by a true-hearted, chivalrous concern to protect women from the rough-and-tumble of life, can be wholly overcome.

The workers, too, make many blunders, and are but too apt to revert to the idea that there can be but one type to aspire to, and that man and woman must both conform to it, instead of each contributing his or her full complement thereto.

But still we are moving on, and we are beginning to see dimly that in perfect equality of comradeship, of responsibility, of opportunity, and of education, will come that fuller development which must make both man and woman more able to take their part in bringing a better, happier world into being than we now dream of.

God's in his heaven,
All's well with the world.

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New Risen from a Dream

By Esther B. Tiffany

EXCEPT in the case of Robert Bradford, I had more curiosity about Americans than liking for them, and Bradford's peculiar and individual charm I attributed entirely to his long residence abroad.

It was in Venice, in the winter of sixty-two. The American Civil War was in progress. My English friends, who understood such things better than I, assured me that the Northern States were fighting a lost cause. From Bradford I could get little light; he appeared half irritably to avoid the subject. The other Americans of my acquaintance, long resident on the Continent, seemed indifferent, and I came easily to the conclusion that love of country played a very small part in the national character. Still, hearing of the arrival at our pension of two more of our trans-atlantic cousins, it struck me that an idle hour might not be ill spent in observing their attitude towards the disturbance in the States.

The name of the newcomers was Meier. They were mother and son; the latter an invalid who lay through the sunny hours of the day in a wheeled chair on the loggia. Seeing them there one morning, I resolved to join them.

Hardly, however, had I stepped out when the glory of the view struck me, as it always did, with fresh delight. The pension stood on the Riva, and before it stretched the wide expanse of sunlit lagoon, with its darting gondolas, its heavy-prowed market-boats high piled with rich-hued fruit and vegetable, its island churches mirrored in the tide. For a moment I forgot what had brought me there, and it was with a touch of annoyance that I turned to respond to Mrs. Meier's good-morning. She had come to my side, and stood looking at me somewhat timidly, as one who feared she might be making an unwelcome advance.

"Good-morning, madam," she said. To my surprise, she spoke with a strong foreign accent; yet why should I be surprised? It was, after all, a German name and a German face and figure, notably of the peasant type. Still, she was handsomely and not vulgarly dressed. Emigrants, who had come to wealth and returned to scatter it in the old country! That hybrid American was not what I cared to study. "Good-morning," I rejoined, and was about to withdraw, but she laid a broad hand on my arm.

"He smiles not at all," she said.

"Who?"

"Mein sohn."

I glanced towards the recumbent figure. It was a lad of perhaps barely eighteen, sturdily built, but with a listless droop to every limb.

"He finds it hard," I said, "that he cannot join in the amusements of lads of his age."

Mrs. Meier shook her head vehemently. "Amusements? No, no, it is the war. It is that we must stay over here. The doctors say he die if he cross the sea again. He would risk it, but I—ach Gott! he is my only one! Thirteen months have we been here. His heart is broken that he cannot go home and fight for the Union."

I could not restrain a smile. "Why should he fight? Surely the quarrel is not yours?"

Unconsciously I had raised my voice, and the lad started up, gripping the arms of his chair with both hands. "Why should I fight?" he cried, "why should I fight? Not fight for my country!"

"Pardon me," I said, "I did not understand. I supposed you were, like your mother, a German."

I saw by the anxious contraction of Mrs. Meier's face that the excitement of the lad was to be feared, but it was useless to try to check him.

"And what if I was born in Germany?" he burst out. "Does that make America any less my country?"

"Oh, of course, if you choose to look at it that way," I murmured, turning again to the lagoon.

A hay-barge, its fragrant mounds green-gold in the sun, was drifting lazily past, while on his back, beneath the crimson and umber triangle of the sail, lay the master of the craft half asleep. Beyond, the bell-

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tower of floating San Giorgio blazed, a slender, roseate shaft against the blue. Somewhere from up the Riva sounded a fresh voice singing the Santa Lucia. And all this to our young barbarian meant banishment! My Venice, where these many years I had pitched my happy tent! However, the boy was blurting out something in my ear, and I could not but listen.

"Choose, choose to look at it that way?" he exclaimed. Then, with a burst of the inborn German sentimentalism, grafted so oddly on his American speech, "If some one had adopted you, a helpless, hungry child; taken you to her heart; warmed you at her hearth; set you at her table; made you free of her glorious birthright—would you speak of *choosing* to call her mother? Is that not the wonder of it—her wide arms for all? And you would make of me that most despicable of human beings—a man without a country?"

"Ruhig, ruhig, mein kind," interrupted Mrs. Meier, anxiously; but the lad, his glowing eyes fastened on my face, hurried on, and still the strain of the alien blood tinged his speech with a passion that we, and the American stock which springs from us, are chary of expressing.

"And now," he cried, "that our mother needs her sons, now that she is struggling, bleeding, dying, it may be, you say, 'You are no American. She is not your mother!'"

"Ruhig, ruhig, mein kind!" Again the anxious contraction of Mrs. Meier's face. Her son sank back as if exhausted; then, with a hesitancy half diffident, half uncouth, that formed a sharp contrast with the overstrained, school-boy rhetoric of a moment before—

"If you were an American, I guess you'd understand."

There was something almost disconcerting in the gaze, so direct, so disapproving, with which his eyes continued to measure me. I felt an absurd desire to divert it.

"There comes a fellow-countryman of yours," I said, "who makes his home over here." It was Bradford, hat in hand, loitering along the Riva. "That is he, stopping to talk to that pretty water-carrier with the splashing copper buckets. Engaging her for a model, perhaps. He is an artist."

Young Meier's glance followed my pointing finger, and rested on Bradford's superb figure and then on his face—a face so noticeable that I had never seen him pass along the street without causing men and women to turn and gaze at him with involuntary admiration. But, to my surprise, the lad's expression was one of the most intense pity. His straight brows were drawn as if in pain, and the hollow eyes underneath had melted from searching disapprobation to a singular warmth and glow.

"What!" he exclaimed, "he, too! What keeps him here? How he must suffer!"

After all, the burst of compassion was as real a tribute as the usual more conventional and somewhat envious admiration. It was impossible, at a first glance, to imagine Robert Bradford constrained by any but noble motives. In a breath, this inflammable young hero-worshiper had cast at the older man's feet a passionate devotion, an unquestioning belief.

"Tell me about him," he continued, eagerly. "What keeps him over here? He looks so strong. Why can't he fight? His heart, perhaps?"

"Possibly his heart," I murmured.

"What are you smiling at? How can you smile?" pressed the boy. "He's a Northerner, isn't he? He's on our side?"

"I suppose so," I answered. "He is what you call a New Englander. His people went over in the Mayflower. One of his ancestors was an early Governor. Bradford is the name."

"Governor Bradford? Oh, that's all in the history; I've read about that," interrupted the lad. "Oh, of course he's on our side. That makes it all the harder, doesn't it? And just look at his shoulders and the way he holds his head! That's the kind of man we want; I don't mean merely to fight; of course that's all I could do—but to lead. Oh, how can he stand it, being exiled here!"

A curious sense of embarrassment kept me silent, yet I knew it was little more than a "truant disposition"—a desire to escape from the narrow walls of a life which gave no play to an artistic nature—that held Bradford in willing exile. Should I disclose to this young worshiper the clay feet of his idol?

"He is—there is some reason," I stammered, finally. "It seems he is not free to go."

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Young Meier drew a deep breath. "If he had been with the Army of the Potomac, before Richmond," he said, "we should never have retreated."

When I next met Bradford, the somewhat uncomfortable impression left by my interview with the lad had vanished, and only a sense of the humor of the situation remained.

It was at a reception given by the beauty of the season, a Russian countess. Excited by the brilliancy of the assemblage, Bradford had been in one of his most audacious and captivating moods. From across the room he had observed my amused attention, and made his way to me through the throng. We were always good friends. A woman of "infinite taste," he was pleased to call me.

Greeting me with the chivalrous note in his voice always so grateful to a woman no longer young, "I perceive, Madonna," he said, "a particularly quizzical quality in your glance. You have something to tell me."

"That you are an object of compassion," I returned; and then, with some embellishments, I told my tale.

To my surprise, he stood impassive, and neither smiled nor spoke.

"You seem to miss the humor of it," I exclaimed, somewhat tartly, for I had made so good a story of it that an ever-widening group had gathered about us, and ripples of laughter had followed each reference to Bradford as an exile, a hero, a possible savior of his country.

"To each nation its own sense of humor," he remarked, dryly.

"Are you not of all nations?" I retorted. Then I turned to the more appreciative group around me, and he moved away.

An hour later, as I was stepping into my gondola, he hurried up to me. "I was rude," he said, in charming mock penitence, "but, indeed, your story interested me. Take me to see the boy."

I looked at him incredulously. "Now *I* fail to see the humor," I exclaimed. "He is ill; dying. He has conceived for you one of those romantic infatuations a young lad often feels for an older man. I let him rest in his illusions; why should not you?"

"I will not disillusionize him," replied Bradford.

"May I assist at the little comedy?" I asked.

"What time will you take me there, Madonna?"

I laughed. "Well, come at eleven tomorrow morning. Oh, by the way," as my gondola glided off, "do you exhibit this year?"

He glanced at me with a slight lift of his eyebrows. "So you have not forgiven me?" he said.

For we still were vainly waiting for Robert Bradford to take up his idle brush and give the world his masterpiece.

One of the rooms of our palazzo-pension yet boasted the remains of a faded fresco. A fair St. Catherine stood with bowed, golden head, awaiting martyrdom. The rounded throat, the virginal draperies of the breast, were handled with a peculiar charm and subtlety. From its decoration the room was called the "Sala Santa Catarina." In previous years I had occupied it, and Bradford, on his visits to me, had always taken great delight in the delicacy of the dim outlines and the hints of a warm and masterly coloring. As, therefore, on the next day we knocked at the door of the Meiers' apartments, he exclaimed, "What! the Sala Santa Catarina? I shall be glad to meet her saintship again."

The door was opened, and we entered. The Meiers, mother and son, were eagerly awaiting us. On a lounge near the window lay Theodore. His glance swept me aside and fastened on my companion. A flush overspread his pale cheeks. He half rose, but Bradford hurried forward to prevent him.

"How kind of you to let me come to see you!" said Bradford. "Fellow-countrymen, you know!" The invalid sat tongue-tied. "And you couldn't have a jollier place to be laid up in than Venice, could you, now? And your windows, why, they sweep the whole lagoon! And as for company, our little St. Catherine here"—he stopped suddenly, with an odd break in his voice. I turned from Mrs. Meier to see what it meant.

Where from his lounge young Meier's eyes could rest on it, and full across the lovely head and breast of St. Catherine, was stretched a huge, glaring map done in the crudest of primary blue, orange, and red. I am not too well acquainted

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with the topography of the States, but I could not fail to recognize, printed in laborious capitals, the names of places grown familiar in the war news: Washington, Fort Sumter, Bull Run, Richmond. It was a war map. Bradford went up to it. "Did you make this?" he asked with apparent sympathy, while at the same moment he deftly extracted a pin that was impaling St. Catherine and glanced behind the paper to see what mischief had been wrought.

"Yes," replied the lad, for the first time breaking his silence.

"Gott, ja!" added his mother, with her eyes on Bradford's face. She, too, seemed oblivious of my presence. "It is always the war, the war. He must make maps. He follow every battle. Sometimes he think he know better than the generals themselves."

"Well, but haven't there been terrible mistakes?" burst out the boy, turning to Bradford as one in authority. "That storming the height, now, at Bull Run! See where I have put the black dots? If McDowell had only led his forces along that line—"

"Ruhig, ruhig, mein kind!" murmured Mrs. Meier.

Bradford returned to the lounge and sat down on it. "Is there room for me? Do I crowd you?" he asked. He knew that to be so crowded was joy unspeakable; that his close presence, his firm, cool touch, were sending waves of delight through the veins of the half-abashed boy. What do you read all day?" he continued. "Ah, the papers, of course. What piles you have there, and of all dates and countries!"

The feverish flush in the lad's face deepened. He fumbled among the scattered papers and drew one out. "The way they look at things over here!" he cried, vehemently. "Listen, listen to this!" He half rose on his elbow, grasping the sheet with quivering fingers. "'The North has lost all—even military honor; her people were bellowing behind the army. It is a complete victory for the South—as complete a victory as Austerlitz. But an American battle is not as dangerous as an American steamboat. It is carried on upon strict humanitarian principles. Seventy thousand American patriots have fled twenty miles in an agony of fear, though there was nobody pursuing them.'" He sank back with a deep-drawn sigh. "Oh, to have to live among people who know no better than that! Oh, even though I can't fight, if I could only be at home!"

Bradford sat silent and looked at the overwrought lad.

"It is the face," I said to myself. "The artist sees a subject there. Repellent as this hysterical emotion must be to him, something doubtless strikes him in the square chin, the wide eyes, that singular light transfusing the irregular peasant features, as does a flame clouded glass."

It was evident, however, that young Meier had read the searching, almost somber, gaze quite differently. He seized the sensitive artist-fingers in his own broad but wasted hands. "If it's hard for me," he said, brokenly, "what must it be for you who could do so much if you were there! Oh, but some of these Americans over here! Americans! Why, they are just drifting seaweed. They don't belong anywhere. They haven't any roots."

Bradford laid a light touch on the lad's throbbing temples. "I know," he said. Then he rose. "I shall come again soon if I may."

When we had reached my drawing-room, I looked at him inquiringly. "Now why did you get me to take you?" I asked.

He was gazing moodily out of the window, but at my question he broke into vehement speech. "The dreariness of it all, over there!" he exclaimed, as if in answer to some outspoken protest. "How I hated it! No beauty, no distinction. The dead level of the commonplace. Oh, you can't fancy it! The hideousness of the straight brick streets; the hard, keen light; the rushing, insensate, money-making life, or hardly better; the meager, colorless, puritanical content; the dearth of incentive; the barbaric taste! Who could produce anything worth while! Then I came over here."

"Then you came over here," I repeated, for he had relapsed into a frowning silence, and I seemed forgotten.

"Then I came over here," continued Bradford, slowly. "Beauty enough, or the wreck of it. At first I was intoxicated, I dreamed dreams—till—" He lifted his shoulders and flung out his

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hands, palms up, as the more expressive Continentals had taught him. "What had I new to say? It had all been said centuries ago far better than we futile moderns could conceive of. I tell you, this Past you and your kind so worship, it ties the hands, numbs the powers. For a moment you struggle, then submit. The critics cry: 'Something original! You are an American: give us a message from the New World!' The New World has no message." He quickened his restless pacing up and down the room, then burst out irritably, "That boy fancies it has."

"That boy will make havoc of the Santa Catarina," I returned, hotly. "I shall tell the Signora to have his war maps promptly taken down."

"You will do no such thing," exclaimed Bradford, with a roughness quite unusual to him. Then, checking himself, he waved his hand as if to dismiss the question. "A shadow," he added; "let it go."

And again I looked at him critically. After all, one can never really know these Americans. They continually treat one to surprises.

My intercourse with young Meier was always slight. He never fancied me; but his mother, who could not speak without his name on her lips, came often to claim my sympathy.

The day after our visit she stopped me by the water-gate, in the narrow garden, first to thank me for the joy I had given her son by bringing "den schönen Herrn," and then, with credulous eyes and bated breath, to tell me that the boy had had a dream.

"Three time in the one night he dream it," she said. "He think it mean he gets well and fight for his country. He dream he find lying on his breast a great shining medal of honor."

"How curious!" I answered.

"Yes, a medal of honor. Ach, Himmel! But to-day is he happy with the beautiful new friend and the wonderful dream."

"What new friend?" I asked. Has Mr. Bradford been here again?"

"He is here now," replied Mrs. Meier. "He talks, he laughs, Theodore smiles. Du lieber Gott, what for a man! Mein sohn tell him his dream."

His dream! Sleeping or waking, the same fixed idea. Crude and provincial as it all was, it had, at odd moments, an insistent trick of recurring to my thought. And America herself! Was the lad's fervor of patriotism due solely to his extreme and impressionable temperament, or might there be, in that raw new world, some element potent to lay hold of the heart and fire it with a devotion even unto death?

This was the beginning of the inexplicable intimacy between Robert Bradford and his devotee. Weeks passed by and there was no change. None of his old friends saw, at this time, anything of the older man. When he was not with Theodore he was at his studio. Whenever I saw the lad with Bradford, his eyes still spoke a passionate worship.

A death among near relatives took me for a time to England. While there I heard rumors about Bradford; it was reported that he had at last "arrived;" had produced his masterpiece. I recalled our many talks and his conviction of the futility of effort. What had finally seemed to him worth while? On my return journey to Venice, I resolved to stop over a few days in Paris and attend the Salon.

In the American colony in Paris I had many acquaintances, and on the night of my arrival I dropped in to an "at home" of one of them. My question as to Bradford's subject was received with a burst of merriment.

"You have not heard?" they laughed. "Yes, he has a medal. No, you shall not be told the subject; you shall see for yourself. It is a matter of 'Saul among the prophets.' Why, with a certain set of his compatriots he is the hero of the hour."

Then followed the reluctant admission, "But it is good work. He has shown he can do something if he chooses. A trifle theatrical, perhaps, but really very cleverly composed. Notice the foreshortening of the left arm."

On the following morning I went to the Salon and made my way to the knot of people before Bradford's picture.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*," ran the legend. Of a truth, Saul among the prophets!

A lad, in the uniform of the Northern States, lay dying on the field of battle.

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He had half risen on his arm. One hand clutched his wounded breast, but in his face, the face not of the native but of the foreign born, and struggling with the agony and pallor of death, shone an unspeakable joy. His lips were parted, his wide eyes fixed and bright. One could see they were following the triumphant charge of his own victorious side. It was the face of Theodore Meier. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*

Through the weary hours of my journey the picture haunted me. Bradford was again in Venice when I arrived, and one morning, as I was about to step into my gondola, I ran across him. At my invitation he joined me, and we were soon gliding out towards the Lido.

"Well, I have been to Paris," I said.

He nodded.

"*Dulce et decorum*," I continued. "Your picture has certainly created a stir. Why, they told me it had actually made *Americans* of some of your compatriots and sent them back to fight. And the people who know say it is good."

"Yes, I believe it is good," he assented, moodily.

"It was even rumored *you* had gone back."

His face lighted up with its old whimsical smile.

"I am not sure I didn't for a moment half form a resolve to go," he said.

"You might have won another medal, or a cross, or whatever kind of decoration they bestow over there for bravery on the field of battle. By the way, you must show me your medal."

"One doesn't wear them, you know," said Bradford, throwing open his coat, as if to corroborate his assertion. After a pause he added, gravely, "I sent it here to the boy. I told him that it belonged to him. His mother wrote me it was buried with him."

The Borrow Revival

IT is hardly probable that any English critic, not even excepting Augustine Birrell, who is a notorious Borrow-lover, would place George Borrow's works[1] on a list of the most important contributions to the English literature of the nineteenth century; but all critics agree that the author of "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain" is one of the singular and interesting personalities in the literary history of the last hundred years in England. Borrow was a curious mixture of the adventurer and religious fanatic. He sprang from a family of humble position and circumstances, and was without education in the modern sense of the word; but he was born with an extraordinary gift for acquiring abstruse and difficult languages. Owing partly to this gift and partly to his love of wandering, he obtained the position of agent of the Bible Society, and in this capacity made some remarkable journeys into Russia, Portugal, and Spain. While his faithfulness in performing his duty as colporteur is not to be questioned, it must be confessed that his enthusiasm for observing how men and women live and think and talk beyond the borders of English conventional society was quite as great as his enthusiasm for the cause of religion; so it happens that "The Bible in Spain," notwithstanding its gentle title, is about as robust a story of adventure as one could ask for. Borrow's life may be outlined in a few words: he wandered in various parts of the world studying nature and human nature; became a linguist of some renown in his time; made himself an expert in Gypsy life and lore; and in a mass of writing, some of it incoherent and ordinary, has left many things that form a permanent contribution to literature. There is just now a Borrow revival, and along with it the inevitable small band of extravagant admirers—Borrovians, let us call them—just as there are Browningites, Wagnerians, Stevensonians, Brahmsites, Meredithians, Omarists, and the like. It is a pity that the extravagance of the few often prejudices the many, thus turning the enthusiasm of the disciple into a hin-

[1] *George Borrow: Life and Correspondence.* By William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Works of George Borrow: The Bible in Spain, Lavengro, Romany Rye, The Gypsies of Spain. Edited by William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. 4 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Works of George Borrow: Lavengro, The Romany Rye, The Bible in Spain, The Zincali. 1 vol. each. John Lane, New York.

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drance instead of a help to the master. But one does not need to be faddist in order to admire "The Bible in Spain;" it is the best of Borrow's books for one making his acquaintance to read, although perhaps "Lavengro" has more of the mysterious Borrow flavor which your true Borrovian insists is the distinguishing merit of his favorite author. The best modern champion—and altogether a sane one, too—of George Borrow's claim to a princedom of letters is Mr. Augustine Birrell, who has written a charming essay on the semi-Gypsy Englishman—an essay to be found in his volume entitled "Res Judicatæ." The man who can read this essay and refrain from buying or borrowing a copy of "The Bible in Spain" is a hardened specimen indeed. In recognizing Mr. Augustine Birrell as the most skillful champion of the Borrovian cause we do not mean to forget Professor William I. Knapp, whose life of Borrow was published a year ago by the Messrs. Putnam. Professor Knapp knows more about Borrow, perhaps, than any other living man, but he has made his biography not only exhaustive but almost exhausting; it is choked with a mass of dry details; and it reads like a chronicle of dates and statistics instead of a record of the life of a very active, full-blooded, and unconventional traveler. The crowded condition of his pages is proclaimed by Professor Knapp himself with amusing *naïveté*. He says in his preface:

> The second year (1896) saw the composition of the *Life* half completed; but, alas! on a scale much too minute and exhaustive, as the publishers were not slow to assure me. Bowing to their cooler judgment, as the thermometers of opinion, against my own enthusiasm, the whole was rewritten in '97 and concluded the present year on a more conservative scale.

The more conservative scale being two large volumes of nearly four hundred pages each! In another paragraph of his preface Professor Knapp continues:

> And now for a few figures. Mr. Borrow's correspondence, in so far as it fell to me, numbers 937 letters, including six belonging to his father, dated from 1798 to 1812. The letters I have written and received on the subject of this book number 786. These letters, and the documents, records, certificates, extracts, and other matter designed to sustain my statements, are pasted into large quarto files aggregating 2,578 pages. I have read or examined 1,075 distinct books exclusive of those cited in my volumes.

It is not in this arithmetical spirit that good biography is written; certainly it is the farthest possible from the spirit in which Borrow himself thought or wrote. There is nothing of the scrap-book, or card catalogue, or letter-file, or dust-of-the-library about *him!* He preferred men and women to paper and ink. One of the very best things in Professor Knapp's two volumes, the story of the Irish fiddler, illustrates Borrow's love and knowledge of life and nature as opposed to books and statistics. It is told by Borrow of an incident happening during his famous tramp through wild Wales, and, in the complete and unmutilated form which follows, was rescued by Professor Knapp from the oblivion of manuscript archives:

> After walking about a mile (from Cerrig y Drudion) I overtook a man with a game leg, that is, a leg which, either by nature or accident, not being so long as its brother leg, had a patten attached to it about five inches high, to enable it to do duty with the other. He was a fellow with red shock hair and very red features, and was dressed in ragged coat and breeches, and a hat which had lost part of its crown and all of its rim; so that, even without a game leg, he would have looked rather a queer figure. In his hand he carried a fiddle.
>
> "Good morning to you," said I.
>
> "A good morning to your hanner, a merry afternoon, and a roaring joyous evening—that is the worst luck I wish to ye."
>
> "Are you a native of these parts?" said I.
>
> "Not exactly, your hanner—I am a native of the city of Dublin, or, what's all the same thing, of the village of Donnybrook, which is close by it."
>
> "A celebrated place," said I.
>
> "Your hanner may say that; all the world has heard of Donnybrook, owing to the humors of its fair. Many is the merry tune I have played to the boys at that fair."
>
> "You are a professor of music, I suppose."
>
> "And not a very bad one, as your hanner will say if you allow me to play you a tune."
>
> "Can you play 'Croppies,[1] Lie Down'?"
>
> "I cannot, your hanner; my fingers never learnt to play such a blackguard tune; but if ye wish to hear 'Croppies, Get Up,' I can oblige ye."
>
> "No," said I, "it's a tune that doesn't please my ears. If, however, you choose to play 'Croppies, Lie Down,' I'll give you a shilling."
>
> "Your hanner will give me a shilling?"
>
> "Yes," said I, "if you play 'Croppies, Lie Down;' but you know you can't play it; your fingers never learned the tune."

[1] "Croppy" is one who has had his hair cropped short in prison, and refers here to the Irish Catholic rebels of the last century.

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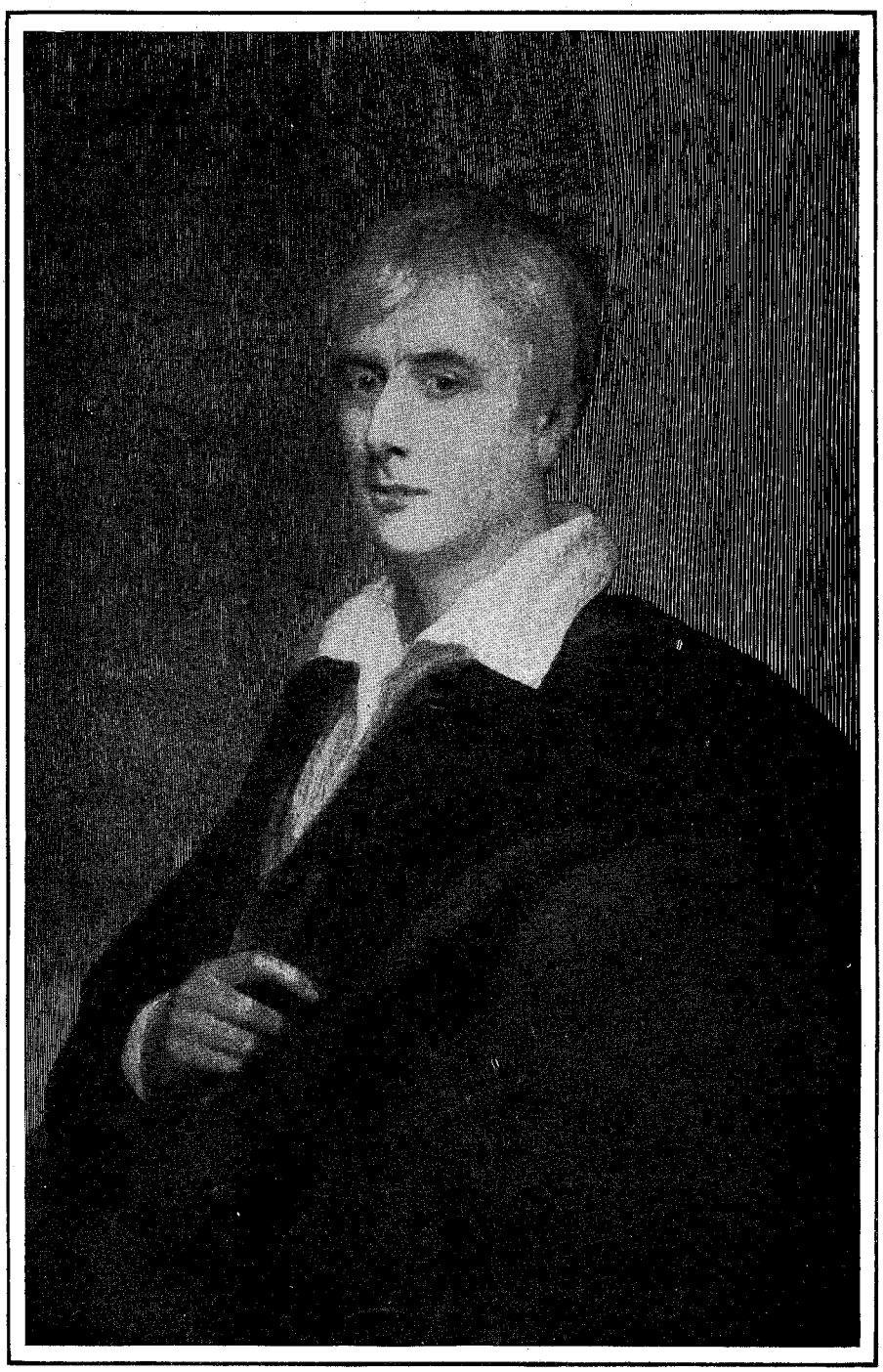

GEORGE BORROW

From the portrait by T. Phillips, R.A., in the possession of John Murray

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"They never did, your hanner; but they have heard it played of old by the blackguard Orange fiddlers of Dublin on the first of July, when the Protestant boys used to walk round Willie's statue on College Green—so, if your hanner gives me the shilling, they may perhaps bring out something very like it."

"Very good," said I; "begin."

Thereupon the fiddler, taking his bow and shouldering his fiddle, struck up in first-class style the glorious tune which I had so often heard with rapture in the days of my boyhood in the barrack-yard of Clonmel; whilst I, walking by his side as he stumped along, caused the welkin to resound with the words which were the delight of the young gentlemen of the Protestant academy of that beautiful old town:

"O, Croppies, ye'd better lie quiet and still,
Ye sha'n't have your liberty, do what ye will;
As long as salt water is found in the deep,
Our foot on the neck of the Croppy we'll keep.
Remember the steel
Of Sir Phelim O'Neill
Who slaughtered our fathers in Catholic zeal;
And down, down, Croppies, lie down."

"I never heard those words before," said the fiddler, after I had finished the first stanza.

"Get on with you!" said I.

"The day of the Boyne was a brave gallant day,
The Croppies had then all the worst of the fray;
Then pale and aghast from our presence they fled,
With Shamus, the runagate king, at their head,
When crossing the ford,
In the name of the Lord,
The Protestant brandished his Protestant sword;
And down, down, Croppies went down."

"Regular Orange words," said the fiddler, when I had finished the second stanza.

"Do you choose to get on?" said I.

"Yes, down ye went then, and ye down shall remain
As long as the sun and the moon we retain;
Whilst we, the brave lads of the Orange cockade,
Shall laugh at our foemen, confused and dismayed.
Whoop! Protestants, Whoop!
And drink full of hope,
Bad luck to the Devil, Pretender, and Pope!
And down, down, Croppies, lie down."

"More blackguard Orange words I never heard," cried the fiddler, on my coming to the conclusion of the third stanza. "Devil a bit farther will I play—at any rate, till I get the shilling."

"Here it is for you," said I; "the song is ended, and, of course, the tune."

"Thank your hanner," said the fiddler, taking the money; "your hanner has kept his word with me, which is more than I thought your hanner would do. And now, your hanner, let me ask you, why did your hanner wish for that tune, which is not only a blackguard one, but quite out of date; and where did your hanner get the words?"

"I used to hear the tune in my boyish days," said I, "and wished to hear it again; for, though you call it a blackguard tune, it is the sweetest and most noble air that Ireland, the land of music, has ever produced. As for the words, never mind where I got them;[1] they are violent enough, but not half so violent as the words of some of the songs made against the Irish Protestants by the priests."

"Well, your hanner, the Orange is now in the kennel, and the Croppies have it all their own way."

"And perhaps," said I, "before I die, the Orange will be out of the kennel and the Croppies in, even as they were in my young days. . . . Farewell!"

"Farewell, your hanner; and here's another scratch of the illigant tune your hanner is so fond of, to cheer up your hanner's ears upon your way."

"And long after I had left him I could hear him playing on his fiddle, in first-rate style, the beautiful tune of "Down, Down, Croppies, Lie Down."

This passage is an epitome of George Borrow—it shows his charm of style, his keenness of wit, his appreciation of humor, his skill in sketching a picturesque character in a few bold strokes, his love of the life of the road, and his unexplained, and to some people very mysterious, hatred of the Roman Catholic Church. The great defect in Borrow was his almost lawless egotism. He had a spark of true genius; if he had been less insistent on having his own way and his own rights, if he had been more open to the advice and criticism of friends, he might have been a star of steady shining instead of a flashing but unsteady and often headlong comet in the literary firmament.

The reader of Borrow now has the choice of two recently published editions, one of volumes convenient to the hand but rather small of type (John Lane), the other, edited by Professor Knapp, of larger volume and type and in every way an admirable library edition (Putnams).

[1] They were probably written by Borrow himself.

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SCUTARI

A Woman's College in the Orient

By Caroline Sheridan Baker

A LITTLE piece of the restive, ambitious Western World transplanted into the heart of the languid Orient is the American Woman's College at Constantinople. The influence of its presence in the hitherto undisturbed atmosphere of Eastern indolent ease has produced some striking contrasts which particularly impress the visitor for the first time entering its gates. Her mind is left with only half a grasp of all she has seen when she emerges. High walls encompass this house of learning where the American system of education is practiced; dusky, turbaned natives stand like bronze pillars at either side of the portico through which the stranger is permitted to pass; within, lying in characteristic impassivity beneath a wide-spreading umbrella-tree, fondling a book or deep in study, is a young girl whose features tell of Greece, Turkey, Albania, Roumania, or Russia. A moment's contemplation of this picture, and a delicious haze steals over the beholder; it is in the air, it is infectious, and even the wanderer from the prosaic Occident is not immune to its subtle somnolence.

Dreamily you stroll up the sinuous path which discloses something novel or interesting at every turn, and this continuous unfolding is all that stimulates you to move. The atmosphere is redolent of strange odors which you try vainly to analyze—to liken to others that you know; but they only allure and intoxicate; and thinking has become such an effort! Unexpectedly, a group of white buildings, the tall ones linked together by low covered passageways, is upon you, and an upward glance quickens thought and heart-beat, and routs the reverie. There are the Stars and Stripes waving a welcome!

With step more alert, you ascend the broad white stairs and pass the portals. Once inside, the sound of your native tongue and a glimpse of the portraits of Washington and Lincoln further assure you that you are almost as at home, and every experience seems to confirm this impression. Now you can reconcile what appeared at first to be contradictions. The college is no longer out of place; it is the people. There are greetings from the American president, with none of the formality that conventionality dictates as fitting between strangers—both are Americans. Ecstatically you question and listen by turns as room after room in the main building is inspected. Next you are taken to the roof, where a magnificent view of the setting of the College is outspread.

To the south lies Chalcedon, once the residence of the blind Belisarius of Byzantium, where sat the famous Ecumenical Council that condemned the Monophysites. Giant's Mountain, on the north, affords some compensation in its beauty of color and outline for shutting off the Black Sea, a dozen miles away, where Joshua sat to bathe his feet. Nearer by is the Bosphorus, its winding wooded shores lined with the stately palaces of the pashas, and rising from their midst is Robert College, the American school for boys. Westward lies the harbor of the Golden Horn,

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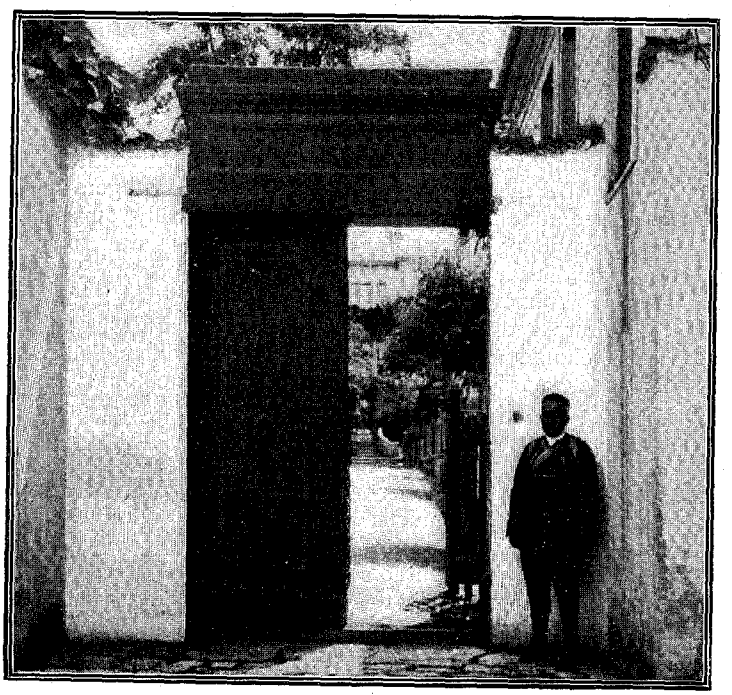
one of the finest in the world, teeming with the craft of many countries. Picturesque and peaceful, at one side stands the old city of Stambul, crowned with the domes and minarets of myriad mosques, still partly surrounded by its Byzantine walls. A majestic sweep of the Asiatic Olympus incloses the rest of the horizon, at its feet the shining, golden-hued waters of the Marmora, glittering here and there with the even more resplendent luster of the gem-like Princess Isles. Here, amid scenes intimately connected with the life of the past, a colony from the New World is settled to teach modern thought.

The American Woman's College is not in Constantinople proper, but in Scutari, the old Chrysopolis of Byzantine times, "Golden City" in the Greek, so called because the caravans from the East unloaded their treasures there. Scutari is an hour from Constantinople. Half of this brief journey is made by cab to the Bosphorus, the rest by ferry over the straits. The country everywhere is beautiful, and, despite the fact that no attention is paid to forestry, magnificent trees of many centuries' growth sometimes being ruthlessly chopped down for fuel, it is still well wooded. The scenery and the balmy air conduce to much outdoor existence, and sports are popular when not accompanied by too much physical exertion. The maiden of the Levant generally does not take kindly to athletic exercise, and if it were asked in what departments in the College most pressure must be brought to bear to enforce obedience to rules, those embracing gymnastics and arithmetic would unhesitatingly be cited.

A day spent with the students gives the best possible insight into their nature, tastes, ambitions, the life they lead. The polyglot character of the College is unique for its size. The one hundred and sixty students now there, including those in the Preparatory Department, are drawn from the upper and middle classes of society in Armenia, Greece, Bulgaria, Turkey, Albania, Russia, Hungary, and Roumania, with a sprinkling of Hebrews, French, Germans, Italians, and proportionately a good many American and English girls from the English-American colony of about a thousand souls in Constantinople.

Asked what was the greatest difference between Oriental and Occidental college girls, the American president answered, "In their politeness;" and one familiar with college life and manners in this



AT THE SCHOOL GATEWAY

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MARY MILLS PATRICK, PH.D.
Principal of the American College for Girls at Constantinople.

country cannot but contrast them to their disadvantage with the deference to their teachers and consideration for each other shown by these foreigners. Yet they seem to lack none of the *camaraderie* of school-girl life.

The girls throw themselves with all the enthusiasm their nature will permit into their books in the class-room or study-hall, and conscientiously refrain from speaking their native tongues except in their dormitories and on Sundays, when they may converse in the vernacular with compatriots among their classmates. They govern themselves, their internal discipline being as much in their hands as it would be at Bryn Mawr or Vassar. The Self-Government Association fixes the penalties for infraction of rules in the form of bad marks and public mention; it elects its own officers, executive committee, and proctors for the dormitories; and the various nationalities are represented in the administration. The routine of college life is much like that in this country, but whereas in the United States the girls always use their own language, in the Eastern college they are obliged to speak English, French, or German. What with the general academic instruction being in English, and that, upon leaving, the student must have a diploma of proficiency in her own tongue, she must perforce be an accomplished linguist.

The students are more interesting outdoors than in, perhaps, affording in their recreation better insight into their tastes and characteristics than can be obtained

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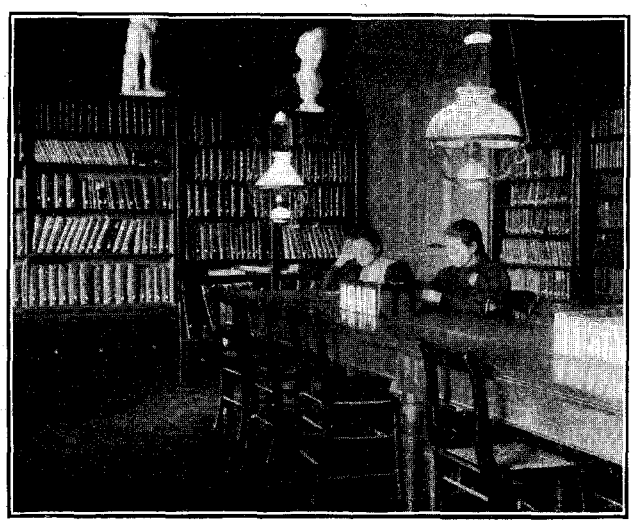
in the class-room. The College has a fine stable, and horsemanship is infinitely more popular than pedestrianism, as may be inferred from a peep into the empty stalls during the hours the girls are free to ride, while the incentive of an association has to be exerted to foster a taste for walking; witness the annals of the "Mile a Day" Club, with thirty members, who have sworn a solemn vow indicated in their name for themselves. Certainly the roads that lead to and from the campus and along the Bosphorus are enticing enough, despite their inferiority as highways, skirted as they are by the fragrant almond-tree and blazing with the flowering Judas, upon one of which variety, legend has it, the Iscariot hanged himself after he had betrayed his Master, causing it to blush for shame its present scarlet glow. A daily canter is a part of the life of most of the girls. If otherwise unaccompanied, each must be attended by a groom, whose services, together with the use of the horse, saddle, and so on, cost five piasters (about twenty-five cents) an hour. The regulation riding-habit is worn. Often when little parties go out together the girls lead a merry chase over the roadway, with a zest they seldom show elsewhere.

Lawn-tennis is next in favor as an outdoor sport, and the English, American, and Latin maidens may nearly always be found in the courts during the recreation hours. The croquet grounds are rarely empty, and basket-ball has as much vogue as any active game can have. The Preparatory School holds a public field-day once a year, when feats in walking, jumping, and obstacle-racing are performed and prizes awarded to the successful competitors. Bicycling is possible but hardly enjoyable on these roads. Boating will soon be added to the list of combined exercises and diversions.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM



IN THE LIBRARY

Although the stage as we know it does not exist in the Levant, some of the most promising histrionic material in the world is to be found there, according to good judges who have seen the amateur theatricals in the American Woman's College, a feature occurring once or oftener each year. The Greek, Bulgarian, and Armenian girls display the most talent. The literary societies provide these entertainments, one of the last of which was Mr. Howells's farce "The Elevator." "Laila," an operetta, was given by the Musical Society just before. Last year the French students gave

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Hungarian Greek Russian Turk Albanian

A GROUP OF CONSTANTINOPLE SCHOOL-GIRLS

one of Molière's comedies with admirable effect.

While caste lines are strictly drawn in the Orient, the atmosphere of the College is democratic to a degree which, with the native politeness, makes the wheels of student life run very smoothly. There are eleven scholarships, all supported by Americans, for girls who are brainy but poor, none of whom, however, is known by name to any other student. The College is non-sectarian, and a broad religion is practiced, Orthodox Greek, Roman Catholic, Gregorian, Protestant, and Hebrew living together in harmony.

The College is a development of a high school founded by the Christian women of America in Constantinople in 1871. As a result of steady internal growth, and in response to an increasing demand for higher education in the East, it was incorporated in 1890 under an Act of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is also recognized by an irade of the Sultan. By the charter the members of the body "are empowered to grant such honorary testimonials, and confer such honors, degrees, and diplomas, as are granted or conferred by any university, college, or seminary of learning in this Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The Corporation of the College, in the name of which the rights of the institution are vested, is a legally organized body of women in the United States, but the immediate control of collegiate affairs is in the hands of a Board of Trustees chosen from the Corporation. An Advisory Board sitting in Constantinople is authorized to give all needed aid to the College in the conduct of its business.

The College chiefly consists of Bowker Building, the main structure, erected by the founders in 1876, and Barton Hall, built in 1882 through the liberality of Mr. W. C. Chapin, of Providence, R. I., who gave twenty thousand dollars for the purpose, reinforced by a ten-thousand-dollar bequest from Mr. Charles Wilde, of Wellesley, Mass. Bowker Building, on the right of the picture, is a substantial structure facing the west; it contains rooms adapted to the family life of the members of the College, also the library and study-hall. The students' dining-room occupies a large part of the lower floor. Barton Hall contains the audience-room for public exercises, used for religious services on Sundays; the president's office, the dean's registry, the students' sitting-room, the art-room, the recitation and music rooms, the seniors' sitting-room, the gymnasium, and the chemical laboratory. In each of the buildings there are large, airy

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dormitories, with a total accommodation for about eighty students. The Preparatory School has a third building, also used for dormitories and teachers' quarters.

The college year comprises thirty-eight weeks, and is divided into semesters, examinations in studies of the first semester taking place in January, and those of the second in June. There are ten-day vacations at Christmas and Easter, and monthly holidays throughout the year from Friday evenings to Monday evenings inclusive. Thanksgiving Day, the Day of Prayer for Colleges, and Charter Day are observed as college days. Monday is the weekly recreation day. The maximum of work allowed any student, including music and painting, is seventeen hours a week. The curriculum embraces the English language and literature, Biblical history and literature, rhetoric and elocution, French, German, Latin, ancient and modern Greek, ancient and modern Armenian, Bulgarian, Sclavic, and Turkish, botany, zoölogy, physiology, geology, mineralogy, physics, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, history, history of art, pedagogics, sociology, philosophy, music, drawing and painting, physical culture, and domestic science.

The standard of scholarship has constantly been raised to keep in line with other American colleges as far as circumstances will permit. The diploma of the College has been accepted by two European universities. The institution is regarded as the strongest for the education of women east of England and south of Russia. Like all the women of the Levant, the students have a remarkable talent for language, and it is interesting to note that more than half of the alumnæ—who now number one hundred and twenty-two—are teachers of languages, classic or modern. As about a quarter of the graduates are married soon after leaving college, the proportion of those who take to teaching is about three-fourths—a figure significant of the means open to women who wish to earn a living in the Far East.

An Albanian of the class of '91 returned to her country with her diploma, and established the first girls' school there taught in their own tongue. A Danish graduate was appointed professional translator of English, French, German, and Italian in her native country—a position requiring a diploma from Denmark's department of public instruction, and hers was of the highest grade ever awarded. Two graduates have adopted medicine as a profession, one of whom is studying in Boston, and the other, having finished her course in London, has returned to Turkey to practice. Two have become nurses, one in the United States, the other first in London and then in Constantinople. An Armenian alumna is an engraver in Genoa, and many are engaged in translation and the like in one country or another.

Here is the enrollment by nationalities, exclusive of the Preparatory Department: Armenians, 44; Greeks, 23; Bulgarians, 14; Hebrews, 7; Americans, 7; English, 10; Turkish, 1; Albanian, 1; French, 1; Germans, 3; Italian, 1; Russian, 1; Hungarian, 1; Roumanian, 1.

Mary Mills Patrick, Ph.D., who has been President of the College since its organization as such ten years ago, recently returned to Constantinople from this country, whither she had come to enlist the interest of Americans in the institution, and her trip was not barren of results in the concrete shape of funds. She is a woman of remarkable breadth of education, and her linguistic attainments include the ability to speak, read, and write Greek, Turkish, ancient and modern Armenian, German, and French. She has received degrees from the University at Berne and other institutions, and among her works is "Sextus Impericus and Greek Skepticism," generally recognized as the best book of its kind in the English language. It is largely due to her personal standing that the American Woman's College maintains its high position among the educational institutions of the East.

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A Peasant Mother

A Recollection of the Siege of Paris

From the French of Nora Iasagi

I WENT one morning to Mont Valérien to see my friend B——, the artist, a lieutenant in the "mobile" of the Seine. He happened to be on duty—no way of getting out of it. We had to stay there walking back and forth in front of the postern of the fort, like sailors on watch, talking of Paris, of the war, and of the dear ones far away. All at once the lieutenant interrupted himself, stopped, and, taking me by the arm, said softly, "Oh, what a picture!" And out of the corner of his little gray eye, which lit up suddenly as the eye of a pointer might, he looked at two venerable silhouettes which had just made their appearance on the plateau of Mont Valérien.

A beautiful picture, in truth! The man in a long frock coat, with a green velvet collar which had the appearance of being made of old moss; thin, short, ruddy, the forehead flattened, the eyes round, the nose like the beak of a screech-owl. As a finishing touch, he carried under one arm a bag of flowered tapestry out of which there appeared the neck of a bottle, and under the other a box of preserves—the eternal tin box which Parisians cannot see without thinking of their five months' siege. Of the woman, one could at first see only a huge poke-bonnet and an old shawl, which was tightly wrapped round her from top to toe, as if to accentuate her poverty, and now and then there appeared from among the faded ruffles of the bonnet the end of a pointed nose and a few gray hairs. Arrived on the plateau, the man stopped to get his breath and wipe his forehead. It was not hot up there in the fogs of late November, but they had hurried terribly. The woman, though, did not stop. Walking straight up to the postern, she looked at us for a moment hesitatingly, as if she wished to speak to us; but, apparently frightened at the stripes on the officer's uniform, she preferred to address herself to the sentry, and I heard her asking timidly to see her son, a "mobile" of Paris of the Sixth Division.

"Wait there," said the sentry; "I will have him called."

Very happily, with a sigh of relief, she looked at her husband, and together they turned aside and sat on the edge of the fort.

They waited there a long time. Mont Valérien is so large, such a complication of courts, of fortifications, of bastions, of barracks, of bomb-proof vaults! Just try to find a "mobile" of the Sixth, in that inextricable city, hanging between the earth and the sky, and floating among the clouds like the island of Laputa. At that hour, too, the fort was full of drummers, trumpeters, and hurrying soldiers. The guard was being changed; fatigue duty was being done. A spy, all bleeding, was being brought in by the sharpshooters. Blows fell on him from the butt-ends of their muskets. Peasants were coming to make their complaints to the General; a courier arrived at full gallop, chilled through, his animal steaming. Mules with two seats on their backs were returning from the outposts with the wounded, who balanced themselves on the flanks of the animals and moaned like sick lambs. Sailors were hauling a new field-piece to the sound of the fife and to "Haul away, ho!" The flock of the fort was being driven by a shepherd, in red trousers, switch in hand and rifle on shoulder. All these came and went, crossed one another in the courts, and were engulfed under the postern as under the low gate of an Oriental caravansary.

"If only they won't forget my boy!" the eyes of the poor mother seemed constantly to say, and every five minutes she got up and, cautiously approaching the gate, she looked furtively into the forecourt, squeezing herself against the wall; but she did not dare ask any more questions, for fear of making her child seem ridiculous in the others' eyes. The man, still more timid than she, did not move from his corner, and each time, as she came back heavy-hearted and sat down with a discouraged look, one could see that he scolded her for her impatience,

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and gave her many explanations of the exigencies of army life, with the manner of one who knows nothing and wishes to appear wise.

I have always been much interested in these silent and intimate little scenes that one guesses at more than one sees—the pantomimes of the street, seen as one walks along, scenes that by a single gesture reveal to one a whole existence; but that which attracted me most here was the awkwardness, the *naïveté* of the couple, and I experienced a real emotion in following this scene, and these gestures, clear and expressive as the spirits of two actors, embodying all the events of a pretty little drama.

I imagined the mother crying to herself one morning: "That M. Troches annoys me with his orders. . . . It is three months now since I have seen my child. . . . I am crazy to kiss him once again."

The father, timid, shy, frightened at the idea of applying for a permit, tries at first to reason with her:

"But you don't think, dear, Mont Valérien is a long way off. How are you going to get there without a carriage? Moreover, it is a citadel! Women cannot enter it."

"I shall enter," says the mother; and as he does everything that she wishes, the man starts off. He goes to the town hall, to the staff office, to the commissioner, sweating with terror, freezing with cold, knocking about, mistaking doors, waiting two hours in line at an office and then finding it to be the wrong one. At last, in the evening, he comes home with the permit from the Governor in his pocket. The next morning they get up very early, in the cold, by lamplight. The father munches a crust to get warm, but the mother is not hungry. She prefers to breakfast at the fort with her son. And for a treat for the poor boy, they quickly empty into the bag food collected during the siege—chocolate, preserves, sealed wine, and even the savings box (a box with eight francs) that they have kept so carefully against a rainy day. Then they start off. As they arrive at the fort, the gates have just been opened. They are forced to show their permit. It is the mother who is afraid now—but no! it seems to be all right. "Let them pass!" says the adjutant on duty.

Then the mother breathes: "That officer was very polite." And, nimble as a young partridge, she trots along; hurries so that the man can hardly keep up with her.

"How fast you go, deary!"

But she does not listen to him. Up there in the mist on the horizon, Mont Valérien is beckoning to her:

"Come quickly, he is here."

And now that they have arrived, there is a new anxiety. If they do not find him! If he should not come!

Suddenly I saw her tremble, touch the old man on the arm, and straighten up with a bound. Far off, under the arch of the postern, she had recognized his step.

It is he!

When he appeared, everything seemed glorified.

A fine big fellow he was!—well built, a knapsack on his back, a gun in hand. He greeted them with a frank look, a manly and a happy voice,

"Good morning, Mamma."

And at once the knapsack, cloak, gun, everything disappeared into the big poke-bonnet. Then the father had his turn, but not for long; the poke-bonnet was insatiable.

"How are you? Are you well clothed? Have you enough to wear?"

And, from under the ruffles of the bonnet, I felt the long gaze of love with which she covered him from head to foot, in a shower of kisses, of tears, of little laughs—arrears of three months' motherly tenderness paid to him at last with interest. The father was also much moved, but he did not wish to appear so. He knew that we were looking at him, and winked in our direction as if to say: "Forgive her! she is a woman." As though I didn't forgive her!

A mighty sound broke suddenly on that beautiful joy.

"The drums are beating to arms," said the boy; "I must go."

"What! you are not going to breakfast with us?"

"No, I cannot; I am on duty for twenty-four hours, way up in the fort."

"Oh!" said the poor woman; she could say no more.

The three stood looking at each other for a moment in consternation. Then the father began to speak:

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"At least take the box," he said, in a broken-hearted voice, with a touching and a comic expression. But there! In the sorrow and emotion of the parting, that cursed box could not be found; it was pitiful to watch those feverish and trembling hands, that searched, that shook; to hear those voices broken by tears that cried, "The box! where are our savings?" They were not ashamed to mention this detail in the face of so great a sorrow. The box was found at last, and there was one last long embrace, and the child hurriedly re-entered the fort.

Just think of how far they had come for that breakfast, of how they had magnified it into a great feast; think that the mother had not slept the night before on account of it; and tell me if you know of anything so heartbreaking as that tragic little party postponed, that corner of paradise shown them so brightly and shut off so brutally. They waited there some time, immovable, their eyes glued on the postern through which their child had disappeared. At last the man shook himself, half turned, coughed bravely two or three times; his voice at last said, apparently very cheerfully:

"Come, mother, let us go!"

With these words he gave us a low bow and took his wife's arm. I watched them to the turning of the road. The father looked furious. He waved the bag about in a desperate way. The mother seemed calmer. She walked beside him, with her head down, her arms hanging by her sides. But every now and then, on her narrow shoulders, I thought I could see her shawl shake a trifle convulsively.

The Exegesis of To-Morrow[1]

By Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D.

TO-MORROW is the future which is near enough to be quite clearly and distinctly conceived, and yet is never quite attained. The exegesis (*i. e.*, Scripture interpretation) of the twentieth century is much more difficult to conceive, and will be antiquated in the twenty-first century. The exegesis of to-morrow only produces the lines of to-day's, but will never be antiquated, because it is ideal. It will never, indeed, be attained. But it can be indefinitely approximated.

Perhaps it may be imagined that the science of exegesis does not change; or at least that there is no very marked change from decade to decade since the vagaries of allegorical interpretation, making the spoons and snuffers of the tabernacle symbolize the Christian graces, and the scarlet woman of Revelation the Pope or Napoleon Bonaparte, were consigned to the limbo of theological curiosities. I assure you such an idea is erroneous. The science of exegesis has made enormous strides during the nineteenth century, but it has still greater strides to make in adjusting itself to the marvelous discoveries of modern archæology and the revolutionizing results of criticism. Less than twenty years ago criticism meant scarcely more than the study of textual variants, the minute changes of reading which have crept into the text of the New Testament in course of its transmission, and which in less than one case in one thousand materially affect the sense. Criticism to-day means the study of the origin as well as the transmission of the text. It asks not only the comparatively simple question, What did the author write? but, Who was he? and How came he to write as he did? The difficult and abstruse but vitally important problems of authenticity, date, sources, occasion, credibility, are all involved, and upon their solution depends in large measure the value if not the meaning of the writing in question.

But not only has the term criticism, by the necessity of growth, come to include the higher as well as the lower, or textual, so that no man can to-day be esteemed competent to interpret the Scripture writings who knows nothing of modern investigation into the history of their origin; the term exegesis as well implies a different method from that of twenty years ago. At that time traditional theories of the historical conditions which so largely determine the sense of Scripture writings

[1] Being part of an address delivered at the opening of Yale Divinity School, September 27, 1900.

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were either deemed so certain, or critical theories so uncertain, that comparatively little use could be made of this principal source of light upon the author's meaning. Moreover, the battle was but half won over the crude dogmatism of what we may call *eis*egesis (*i.e.*, reading *into* the text our meaning, as against *ex*egesis, *i.e.*, reading *out* the author's meaning). Advocates of different theological systems were then still hauling their drag-net through ten centuries of Jewish literature in search of phrases to set up as proof-texts, making havoc of the author's sense in order to secure the authority of his name in support of their own; and against this egotism, intrenched as it was in popular favor by the pious pretense of being—Heaven save the mark!—"Scriptural," the only sure weapon was the slow, laborious accumulation of the fixed rules of grammar and vocabulary. In the monumental works on Biblical grammar and lexicography, and the great concordances to Old and New Testaments, produced during the nineteenth century, we have enduring bulwarks, impregnable so long as men have skill to employ them, against the inroads of arbitrary interpretation. They are our firmest guarantee that the Protestant standard of faith and practice will not be turned into a laughing-stock under the gibe, Scripture means whatever the individual interpreter wants it to. Our highest tributes of honor to the Geseniuses, the Buxtorffs, the Redpaths, the Thayers, Winers, Moultons, and Geddens, will be none too high for the men who have forever silenced this jeer by disposing of the arbitrary interpreter, and restoring to the Scripture writers the right to mean what they say whether in agreement with modern theological views or not. When Hebrew and Greek words and constructions are proved to have a definite, specific meaning, instead of being at the mercy of the hunter for proof-texts, then, and then only, can exegesis aspire to be deemed a science, rather than a craft of mental jugglery. All honor, then, to the great masters of Biblical grammar and philology, and may we prove the sincerity of our praise by acquiring a mastery of the superb machinery they have bequeathed to us.

And yet the very emphasis laid upon rigidly scientific philology, necessitating microscopic analysis of single words and phrases, has proved in some respects almost disastrous. The very type of "grasshopper exegesis" antagonized was unintentionally re-enforced by the unavoidable concentration of study so minute, to the comparative neglect of the larger context. If a class took six weeks to get over three verses of John, their ability to apply the argument from dominant Johannine ideas would not be great; and yet, after all, it is this argument from context, and above all the larger context of the writer's entire product—yes, and of the literature and thought in which his ideas appear to have been molded—which must finally dispose of the grasshopper exegete. The popular notion of Scripture as an aggregate of little oracles, separate nuggets of divine utterance dropped from time to time, but all of a piece as to value, and gathered by the mysterious work of the canon-makers into one bag, from which they may be drawn at random, aggravated by the Massoretic division into verses, which Robert Stephens in 1551 extended for convenience of reference into the New Testament, receives but too much aid and comfort from such minuteness of method. And if in one sense we appear to be honoring the Scripture by devoting such extreme labor to the analysis of the smallest words and phrases, and the discrimination of the minutest shades of meaning, it is to be feared that the very honor may be perverted into a promotion of that bibliolatry which characterized the scribe and Pharisee, and which, in spite of our Lord's explicit denunciation, has been for centuries the stronghold of all that was most bigoted, most intolerant, most unchristian in his own Church. For nine pupils out of ten who have never known any other method of exegesis than this, the writings it aims to expound will be as dead and dry thereafter as Egyptian mummies, the very name of exegesis will be a nightmare, and a critical commentary will be the ninefold wet blanket with which the last lingering spark of Pentecostal fire in Apostolic words is extinguished. It is like botanizing in a laboratory on the dried specimens of a herbarium. With sufficient violence to nature the process can be learned, results can be achieved, results of indispensable importance have been achieved. But, after all, to appreciate flowers one must

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know them in their natural environment; and to know, to love, and to utilize woodland, farm, and meadow for what they are to the hunter, the husbandman, and the lover of nature is something which, when sacrificed to mere laboratory analysis, makes us not the gainers but the losers.

Fortunately, there is no need that we should sacrifice it. Exegesis in its nature should be inspiring, as its subject is inspired—not in the dry, scholastic sense, but in the sense that the Biblical writers are men whose lips have been consciously touched with coals from off the altar of God, who "speak that they do know, and testify that they have seen," who pour out their souls in ardent, impassioned earnestness of conviction, because mastered by the eternal truths of which God has given them glimpses. They are men who cry out with the prophet: "The lion hath roared, who will not fear; the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?" and with the Apostle exclaim: "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" To be a true exegete is to range one's self alongside these men, find their environment, take their point of view, fight their battles, until we think their thoughts after them, till our hearts echo an Amen to their ringing words, and our pulses throb with the impulse to take up and herald their glorious gospel, if need be to suffer for it, as they suffered, rejoicing that, though heaven and earth should pass away, their God-given word could not pass away.

I can conceive of two things, and only two, which can make that a dull study which, by however laborious effort, brings us into living, vital contact with men baptized in fire and the Holy Ghost, with writings which even now are the greatest factor in the transformation of the world from the kingdom of the beast into the kingdom of the Son of God. One of the two would be a pedantic rabbinism teaching men to search the Scriptures with a microscope because they think that in them they have eternal life, so that, though these testify of the Man of Nazareth, yet they never come unto him that they may have life., Disciples of such a school are convinced that the Scriptures are all-important, and, drawing the false inference that therefore each separate clause and syllable in itself is all-important, they cannot see the wood for the trees. One tree, one branch, one twig, absorbs them, and they hear not the sound of the rustling in the tree-tops as the Spirit of God sweeps over and before them. Dull and wearisome indeed is the servitude of the letter where the sweep of the Spirit has passed on and left us plodding.

And equally wearisome must it be to the man whose soul really questions whether the importance so long attached to these Biblical writings is not, after all, one half pretense and the other half mistake. Suspect that even the abiding results of the vast libraries of learning spent in the elucidation of these Biblical writings are largely wasted because the writings themselves have no such unique importance as has been attached to them, and the mastery of the subject will prove indeed a dull study. There are those who think that such is the unavoidable result of the higher criticism, and who oppose it accordingly. If a knowledge of the processes, generally simple and humble enough, through which these writings have come into being and into the position of authority which they occupy, begins to supersede in the public mind the childlike notion of a mysterious, miraculous origin, the result must be, they reason, a widespread conviction that the importance of the writings themselves has been greatly exaggerated, and a corresponding indifference to them. Reluctantly, I admit that there does seem to me to exist a certain type of criticism the motive and animus of which are scarcely more than this. Believing that the Biblical writings owe their honor in preponderant degree to a factitious authority, their paramount influence being due, not to their intrinsic worth, but to a false notion of their origin, critics of this type naturally deem it a service to the truth to unmask the pretense. Now, the more we have of bibliolatry the more we shall have of this type of criticism, which finds all the justification it has in bibliolatry, and all the victims it can claim among those who never had a vital love for the Scriptures through personal apprehension of their worth, but only a superstitious awe of them for the assumed miraculousness of their origin. If this is all that is meant by faith in the Bible and its inspiration, then, indeed, that faith has much to fear from criticism. If this is all the function of criticism, then, however

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needful, its task will be one of destroying its own roots. For what has produced the study of the origins of the Biblical writings if not the vital interest we have in their content? And how can that interest survive if it depends upon a notion of their origin which it is the tendency of investigation to destroy?

But there is another type of criticism, thank God! which otherwise conceives its task. Conscious though it is that the authority, inspiration, and value of Scripture are often wrongly made to rest, not upon its intrinsic power of kindling the spark of spiritual life, but upon notions of its origin regarded as more truly divine, because more extraordinary and mysterious, than the humble, unobtrusive processes out of which they really come, criticism of this type yet feels its mission to be, not to destroy, but to fulfill. It seeks to become the servant and not the enemy of exegesis, to investigate this story of the origins of our sacred books, partly that we may learn to reverence the normal as divine, at least as much as the abnormal; partly that the knowledge of these origins may illuminate as never before the doubly sacred page, and bring the reader into that close and living contact with the writers which shall make him know by the burning of his heart within him that they were men inspired of God, vessels of the Pentecostal fire. Thank God for such criticism! and thank God for the thousands of students who to-day declare that it has made the Bible for them a new and living book, and torn away the veil of scholasticism from their eyes!

I am well aware that there cannot fail to be a disappearance of a certain type of factitious reverence for the Scripture writings, as criticism, whether constructive or destructive, dissipates the notion that they owe their authority to the miraculous circumstances of their origin. This is the common type of honor paid them. But can we truly say that it promotes to any appreciable degree the reading of them with practical, vital interest? Are those whose belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures is based on the most abnormal and magical conception of their origin and nature—are these the readers who are most inspired by them? If not, the loss from the disappearance of belief in an inspiration which failed to inspire is more apparent than real. Multitudes who declare that the critical theory of the Hexateuch has deprived them of the religious solace they found in the tradition of its Mosaic authorship, when questioned, are found to have the vaguest idea of its contents, and far less interest in its relation to the progress of divine revelation in the history of Israel than the humblest of the higher critics.

Criticism, destructive and constructive, will inevitably dissipate much factitious and nominal reverence for the Scripture writings, for the same reason that the evolutionary theory of creation to many minds seemed inevitably atheistic. Whether it be a Bible or a world that God is creating, an insight into the *how* he does it, the wonderfully humble, simple means that he employs, will inevitably suggest to a certain type of mind the idea that it cannot be God who is at work in this simple way: the thing must be creating itself. Now, the whole study of the origins of the Scripture writings and their relation to contemporary thought and events is directed to nothing else than the "how" of God's working in this incomparable spiritual creation. Accordingly, the *apparent* loss in interest and reverence will be great in direct proportion as this interest and reverence have been founded, not on their intrinsic nature or redemptive power, but upon a theory about them. The *real* loss will be a very different matter. It will be like the transference of a bad bill receivable, which has long swelled the column of assets, to the profit and loss account where it belongs. We have lost—what? An illusion that threatened us daily with bankruptcy while we trusted it. And the gain? We have begun to understand the Scriptures genetically, which is almost equivalent to saying we are making the first beginnings, popularly, at understanding them at all. To the credit of that destructive criticism, if it exists, whose sole object was to destroy the refuge of bibliolatry by a study of the historical processes out of which were brought—we say not by what power—the sacred writings and the canon, we may still place the present tendency to transfer the ground of Scripture authority from a rabbinic to a Christian basis; to find the evidence of inspiration in present power

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to inspire rather than in an alleged experience of the writers in the unknown past. To the credit of criticism, comprehensively conceived as the most fundamental, vital prerequisite of interpretation, we must place a revival of interest in the Biblical books for what they are and can do as literature—a revival truly unprecedented. Side by side with an indifference born of growing doubt as to the traditional grounds of Scripture authority—an indifference which our fathers would have met by stern compulsion, enforced hours of secretly hated "Bible study," and verses memorized by the score and hundred, but which to-day meets us, even in unexpected quarters, in a really appalling ignorance of the whole contents—we have the testimony of other thousands of whom I have spoken already, that the study of Scripture origins has transformed the Bible for them from a fetich into a channel of the water of life.

I have dwelt thus at length upon the higher criticism, historical and literary, partly because it is by far the most important phenomenon in the Scripture study of the last half-century, as the spirit of the age itself has been rightly characterized by Professor Paine as pre-eminently a spirit of historical investigation; but also because, whether for this reason or some other, the science of exegesis seems now to have reached a transition point, the most momentous since the leadership passed over from the Alexandrian school of Clement and Origen, with its insane vagaries of allegory, typology, and symbolism, to the Cappadocian of Chrysostom and Theodore of Mopsuestia. Then, once for all, the Church laid down the grammatico-historical as the only legitimate method of Scripture interpretation. Then, once for all, a bridle of restraint was thrown upon the subjective dogmatism which imposed upon Scripture whatever meaning the fancy of the moment might dictate. Since that time we have been engaged in perfecting this sole legitimate method, which honors the Scripture writers by permitting them to set forth their eternal truths in forms which to us may be obsolete.

But hitherto the emphasis has all been laid upon the first term of the compound. We have been grammatico-historical in our exegesis, until exegesis has seemed to mean nothing more than a kind of Biblical grammar and philology. Seminary chairs have been endowed under titles which implied that the occupants were expected to engage chiefly in teaching the sacred languages; as if exegesis meant no more than hermeneutics, and the student's highest ideal were to be the making of one more translation or serving on some new revision committee.

I have before expressed my appreciation for the splendid, laborious services of the philological exegetes and textual critics of the past generation. Would that twenty years ago I had appreciated at their true worth the minute and painstaking studies in grammatical and lexical exegesis to which I listened here, with their conscientious system schooling the mind to a stern discipline, almost as if our teacher, with Puritanic asceticism, feared to relax into mere delightful reading and historical discussion, such as made for us the real charm of his instruction! May the laborious work of that generation obtain the meed of praise it deserved but did not seek! Yet it is now clear that the time has come when methods of exegesis must change, or the science itself be choked in the dust of its ponderous tomes. For what else has the study of grammar, vocabulary, construction, use of language, and history of textual variation been carried almost to the last degree of perfection, and all the results indexed, shelved, filed away and labeled within easy reach, whensoever decisions taken may be called in question? For what else have meantime the archæologist, historian, and higher critic been feverishly at work, theorizing, disputing, destroying, reconstructing, till out of the chaos, often sneered at as hopeless, begins to rise an edifice of accepted results? For what else has the Scripture study of the closing century been thus characterized, but that the exegesis of to-morrow and the new century might be *historico*-grammatical, that we might begin our study of the sense with a study of the times, the thought, the circumstances, the mind out of which the phrase took form, and, understanding our subject genetically, understand it as never before? This I take to be the vital change which is on the eve of taking place in the science of Scripture interpretation. The change from the exegesis of

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to-day to the exegesis of to-morrow will be a change from grammatico-historical to historico-grammatical, with all that the change of emphasis implies.

But some one will say: "The change, even if desirable and practicable, comes too late; this age has outlived the time when the Bible could claim its unique rank. Literature in even the humblest home is abundant, cheap, and *sometimes* good. The churches are empty, the preacher has lost his influence, or struggles to maintain it by competing with the Sunday newspaper in the extreme recentness of all his themes. If the great question is how to be absolutely 'up-to-date,' how can Biblical interpretation obtain a hearing? Who wants to hear the Bible expounded?" In my opinion, some of those very men whose absence we most deplore from our churches are they who want it—men who, when they go to church, want the minister to talk *his* business and not theirs, who want the meaning of the Bible and not of current events, politics, and social science, who want the bread of life and not another bucketful of Sunday newspaper froth. Whether I am right or not in the notion that there still is such a thing as a hunger and thirst after righteousness, not oversupplied with sermons on the mount—whether I am right or not in my notion that the very most "drawing" and "up-to-date" subject that a minister could discover would be such exposition of the Bible as the thoroughly equipped *historical* critic and exegete could give if he would and dared, I will do you young men the honor to assume that you scorn the idea that the Bible is tending to become obsolete. The classics of Greek drama, philosophy, history, oratory, of Latin prose and poetry, may. The education of the daily newspaper and novel may produce authors who will cast into the shade not only Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Dante, but consign to oblivion the misnamed immortals of Parnassus. It may be that we shall witness this, though just at present the tendency of increasing culture would appear to be rather to add a greater luster to classic fame and a larger influence and greater popularity to the literature of Greece and Rome. But when may we look for the decadence of the Bible? I will tell you when. One of two things must first occur: Either men, to their everlasting shame, decadence, and ruin, must cease to care for that ideal of a divine humanity regnant over a universe of order, peace, and love, the revelation of which forms the essential organic unity of the Book of books, and which culminates in the portrait of Jesus of Nazareth, Son of Man and Son of God; or else some other, better way must be found for bringing men into closer, more vital and spiritual, more practical and effective contact and sympathy with it. Some better means of implanting that ideal and that life must be discovered than the appreciative, intelligent reading of the writings which come to us touched with its fire, breathing its aroma, conscious of its presence, impassioned and inspired with the knowledge that in Him they have seen the Father. Until some other literature has appeared which can bring the life of the careworn toiler, the household drudge, the high and the lowly, the poor in spirit, and the intellectually and morally great into touch and sympathy with a "human life divine" and a "victory that has overcome the world," the place of the Bible will be unique and unquestioned. None of us here have any lack of faith in humanity as craving, however blindly, this water of life; nor in the Bible as the one perpetual channel to it. Only its "inspiration" must be of the kind that inspires, and you, who are here to make it subservient to the parched spiritual thirst of the world, must be inspired by it, or your exegesis will never bring its inspiration to bear upon others.

How shall you do it? In one word, learn to sympathize with its characters and writers. Study yourself into the circumstances and thought of the period. Fearlessly discriminate between what is local and temporary in the author's conception, and so belongs but to the garment, and what is eternal principle, and therefore constitutes the essence. You must be able to say, With all my heart amen and amen to what is of the latter, whether in Isaiah, in Amos, in Paul, or in John. Above all, if the life of Jesus himself—the heart of it all—is to be a true ideal to you, not factitious, not good because others have declared it so, but good and absolutely good in your own soul's eyes, you must follow, step by step, His

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course, and in each circumstance put yourself in His place. Even of His incomparable words and deeds you must be able to say—as you will say when you have a *historical* appreciation of the whole context of thought, belief, and circumstance—"That is the very thing that I would have wished to say and do. Heroes of a part of life I have had before. This is my hero of heroes, the hero of the whole."

Such, then, is the result, for yourselves first, and thereafter for others, which I pray may come through *historico*-grammatical interpretation, the exegesis of to-morrow. If we realize but a portion of the ideal, our reward shall be great, immediate, and enduring.

New Century Ideals

TO weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love; to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do; to choose in each case what is best on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved; to put my whole self into all that I do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of my self as a whole; to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friend; to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my light shine freely for all; to make no gain by another's loss, and buy no pleasure with another's pain; to harbor no thought of another which I would be unwilling that other should know; to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others; to take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do wrong; to pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed; to worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful; to serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy or a wrong will set right; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE.

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Two German Dramatists

By Edward A. Steiner

"WHAT can one see to-night?" I asked, after an interesting conversation with Mr. Hermann Sudermann, one of the best known of the modern school of German writers.

"If you care to see something of mine," he replied, "you might go and see my 'John the Baptist' fall through for the one hundred and ninety-fourth time in succession."

I went, and, in company with about one thousand citizens of Berlin, I sat and listened through five acts of a drama which stirred no one to even a ripple of applause, yet had held the attention of critical audiences for nearly two hundred nights in one playhouse, has since traveled over the German stage in the smaller cities, and deserves to be seen by every lover of the stage in America.

HERMANN SUDERMANN

The strangest thing about the evening was that the usual rush to the buffet between the acts dwindled to a very few, who leisurely drank their beer or munched their sausages. The rest of the audience remained in their seats and thought. It must have been to these Berlinese something like going to church, and now they were making up for a sadly neglected duty. Sudermann's "John the Baptist" was a surprise and a disappointment to the theater-going public of Germany. They expected a sensation; they found a sermon—a sermon about love, that love which was whispered into the ear of John by one of Christ's disciples, lamed his hand when lifted against the adulterous Herod and his brother's faithless wife, and held back the stone which would have been the signal for open rebellion. There is nothing in the play which might be called realistic, save perhaps the scene where Salome offers John his freedom and her heart, both of which he refuses, not tempted by the lustful pleasures held out to him. The closing scene where Salome grows hysterical at the sight of his head is seen only *from* the stage, not *upon* it, as is also the triumphant entry of the Christ, which closes the drama.

"Mr. Sudermann," I said at the close of the play, which moved me by its indescribable power, "I don't see any realism about that." "Neither do I," was his terse reply; "good-night;" and my visit with the master was over.

I had learned very little from him about himself and his art, but it was much for me to see him who with Gerhard Hauptmann holds the attention of the German people in a larger degree than any other living author, and with Hauptmann has stirred them as they have not been aroused since the times of Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. But although Mr. Sudermann would not talk about himself, I knew one man who next to himself was best qualified to do so, and that man was Herman Barr, now of Vienna, his friend and contemporary—a stalwart defender of the realistic school, and the editor of the literary journal "Die Zeit." In Vienna, on a hot July day, I went to his

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office, which was small and hot and was filled with cigar-smoke, while shining through was his genial face, and he "was as ready as a phonograph," he said, to talk to me.

"You want to know about Sudermann? Hm! Well, Sudermann was, to begin with, a newspaper man, who for five long years was supposed to edit Richter's liberal paper, but did nothing in fact except nose around the Berlin stage, where he learned all the tricks that we fellows have to know. When he entered upon his newspaper work, he was a 'Hungerleider' [a poor devil] just like myself, as you have discovered if you have read his book, 'Frau Sorge' [Dame Care]. He had written two novels which nobody read, until with 'Die Ehre' [Honor], his first play, he sprang into fame, and I believe into fortune also. With this play he opened a way for all of us, for in it he holds partly to the old ideas of the drama and partly to the new, and our enemies didn't discover, until it was too late, that they had applauded a heretic. In rapid succession followed 'Sodom's Ende' and 'Die Heimat' [Magda], the latter his most successful play, and every year has brought one or two more."

GERHART HAUPTMANN

"Did he learn anything of Ibsen?"

"Yes, indeed; of Tolstoï also, and Zola."

"To what particular thing do you ascribe his phenomenal success and the great opposition to him?"

"I should say to his new setting of the German social life," was the reply, "particularly that of the modern German woman. Take, for instance, 'Honor.' What a picture he gives of the relation between the front of the house, where the rich manufacturer lives, and the rear of the house, where the poor upholsterer lives. It is a dreadful picture, full of loathsome talk; in the rear of the house absence of shame and of honor; in the front of the house a wrong conception of honor and a wrong kind of shame. It is dreadful, but it is true, and every officer and clerk who saw the girl of the rear of the house, flippant, careless, stupid, sensuous, said to himself, 'I know that girl myself.'

"More shocking to sensitive people," continued Mr. Barr, "was his next drama, 'Sodom's Ende,' which is naturalistic to the core, and portrays the social conditions of the west end of Berlin, its fashionable quarter; and here also is a woman—the woman who has nothing to do but lie on her couch all day and dream about some Don Juan, not because she doesn't care for her husband, but simply because she has nothing else to do. And again, as men saw the play, though they were shocked, and even blushed, they said, 'We know her also.' The whole thing was declared hideous, a nightmare; but if nightmare it is, it rests upon an indigestible fact in Berlin's West End society.

"In his third drama, 'Die Heimat' [Magda], Sudermann leaves Berlin and places his scene in a provincial city, the city of Koenigsberg, no doubt, in the house of a pensioned army officer, who has transferred his tyrannical treatment of soldiers to his wife and daughters. There is a skeleton in the closet, for one of his daughters has been driven from home and disowned because she has gone upon the

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stage. She finally returns, after many years, under an assumed name; drawn by home ties, she enters the house; the old officer declares a truce, and all goes fairly well until a former suitor renews his attentions, and the father, overhearing a heated conversation, finds out that their relations once were far from honorable. He wishes to avenge the honor of his daughter, or compel the man to marry her, but she finally comes to the rescue by declaring to her father that he has no right to force her upon any one man. The terrible truth flashes upon his mind; he is struck by paralysis, and the play ends. Magda is also a true picture of a woman, of the artist woman, who, if she wishes to achieve anything with us, has to lose much; and every man in Germany who knows the women of the stage said to himself, 'I know Magda.'"

"Does Mr. Sudermann expect to reform German society by the realistic portrayals of its sins?" I asked.

"Mr. Sudermann expects to do nothing except write good plays," was the reply; and a friend who was present at the interview, with whom I had argued about the mission of art, nodded his head, and said, "I told you so." This sentence and the nod spoke volumes, and I kept silent, though I was not convinced.

"But what about 'John the Baptist'?" I asked.

"Well, 'John the Baptist' is the most successful failure in the history of modern literature. Nobody admires it, yet everybody goes to see it. Ministers preach about it, and the theatrical managers are happy."

It is a piece which marks transition, but which way Sudermann is going nobody knows, least of all himself. Since this interview, his last piece, "The Three Heron Feathers," has appeared. It is a great play, which is the least realistic but also the least original of them all. It borrows from Balzac's "De Chagrin" the idea that the fulfillment of desires satisfies not, and consumes us; it borrows from Hauptmann's "Lonely People" and "Sunken Bell" the struggle between man's genius and his love, when his genius seems to be in danger of extinction by his marriage to a woman; but, best of all to my mind, he goes to both Goethe and Schiller for a gloriously musical verse, which has ringing in it notes of Schiller's "Bell" and Goethe's marvelous "Faust."

Sudermann is going the way Schiller went from the realistic "Robbers," "Kabale," and "Liebe" to "Wallenstein." Whether he will reach such lasting fame as did Schiller it is too early to say.

The analogy between the present period of modern German literature and that of a hundred years ago exists not only in the fact that there are two great stars in the firmament, as there were then, nor in the similarity of development from the realistic to the idealistic form and spirit, but also in the fact that of the two stars, as in the case of Schiller and Goethe, one is of greater magnitude than the other; and that one is Gerhart Hauptmann.

A German traveling man who shared my compartment from Dresden eastward expressed tersely the difference between the two by saying, "Sudermann's dramas are made; Hauptmann's are created." Telling him that I was then on a search for Hauptmann, who was supposed to be hidden somewhere in the mountains of the Saxon Switzerland, he said, "You will never succeed in seeing him; he is a *Menschenfeind;*" which translated into idiomatic English means, he is a crank. I found Hauptmann in his villa Schreiberhau, a simple Swiss chalet, close by his birthplace in Schlesien, and he appeared to be neither an awe-inspiring giant nor a repulsing crank, but a slightly built, delicate looking man of thirty-five years, a good comrade, and seemingly unconscious of the fact that he has already gained lasting fame and that the eyes of the world are upon him. That he is the son of a very respectable innkeeper, that he was a poor student in college, that he showed genius in sculpture and even had a studio in Rome—these things are known to everybody who knows anything at all about him. Less known is the fact that he hesitated long between sculpture and literature, and that he had a wild Wagnerian dream of combining them in one art.

His first epic was "a Bryon imitation," as he calls it, "Tiberius." "I strangled him as soon as he was born," says the author, who does not think as highly of the poem as do his critics.

Like Sudermann, he was influenced by Ibsen and Tolstoï, but most strongly by

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Arno Holz, who may be called the father of German realism. Through the touch with Holz, Hauptmann's own dreams received form and flesh, and he published his first drama, "Before Sunrise," which raised a storm of opposition that was not assuaged by the "Peace Festival," and rose to the fury of war when his "Lonely People" passed across the stage. The "Lonely People" are lonelier than any of Ibsen's creations. Here he shows the struggle in a family in which the new spirit strives against the old. His young Darwinian is in open rebellion against the Christian, almost Puritan, spirit of the family, and, alas! there is also a new morality in rebellion against the old, for this same young man loves a young woman, a visitor in his house—loves her although he is the husband of a devoted wife, who had just become the mother of his son. As in Ibsen, somebody gets hurt, and the play ends with a suicide. The trouble with these "lonely people" is not that they are so bad, but that they simply do not understand each other; and it is the whispering of an over-careful mother which fans to flame that which was no passion, while the suspicious looks of those around awaken in them the consciousness that they are bound by ties which nobody understands, and which naught but death can sever.

Hauptmann next produced the well-known social drama, "The Weavers," which unrolled before the eyes of Germany a picture full of hunger and despair, and drew to him the populace, which saw in him its deliverer, though he denied being the champion of any class or party. The play is a piece of native history dramatized, and shows the German sweat-shop of a hundred years ago, that of the present day being also clearly portrayed. At first it was not permitted to pass over the stage in Berlin, but afterwards the permission was granted, but the royal support was withdrawn from the theater in which it was produced. I heard it read by some of Hauptmann's friends, and the impression it produces is so powerful that I can readily understand why the Government does not look upon it with especial favor.

In quick succession followed "Comrade Crampton," "The Bieberpelz," and a volume of novels of the same character, until "Hannele's Dream" appeared—a dream-poem which shows Hauptmann in a different light and is the beginning of a new period in his life. It is a mystical mixture of poorhouse and heaven, and over the stage pass quickly brutal paupers and heavenly messengers. The coarse language of Hannele's brutal father is followed by the sweet voice of one who is like the Christ, and after the gibbering of idiots come the sounds of sweet chorals. Of the same character is his last drama, "The Sunken Bell." In it appear many of the points indicated in his former drama, but beautified and idealized. Like "Hannele's Dream," it plays in two worlds, the other world being the world of the "Summer Night's Dream." More clearly than in any other of his dramas does he bring out the struggle of the large man with his narrow surroundings, and his final wreck in the struggle after the unattainable.

Speculative minds have been busy reading much into every line of the drama, but the key cannot be found by any one who does not know the author.

The struggling, unsatisfied man who would blend all the discordant notes into harmony, who would lift the world out of its conventional virtues and unconventional sins into a higher, truer life; the man who feels himself both too great and too small, who feels himself free and yet chained, who hears the world applauding him and yet is conscious of having done but little of that which he would like to do—that man is Gerhart Hauptmann. He is a great artist, a great spirit inheriting deep religious tendencies, which come to him through his Moravian Brethren (Herrenhut) ancestry. Perchance he will be able to raise the "Sunken Bell" from its watery grave and make real his dream, half church, half castle.

May the first notes of the bell strike the hour of the full noon of the kingdom of God, and

> Ring out the old, ring in the new,
> Ring out the false, ring in the true!

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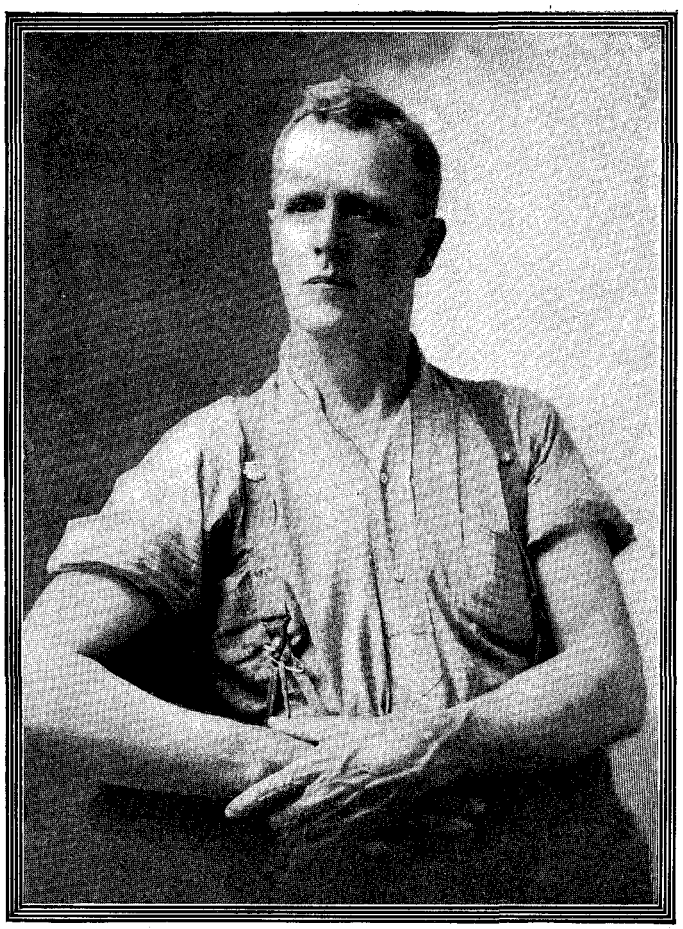

THE REV. G. L. McNUTT

Minister and Laborer

By Lee McCrae

THERE are few of us who do not occasionally "dream dreams" of the benevolent things we would do if we had plenty of money; but as our philanthropy usually ends in a long-drawn breath, it seems good to come across a man who pushes on in his deeds of good will to men regardless of an empty pocket-book.

In order to understand the conditions and need of the toilers, the Rev. George L. McNutt, once the pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, and later of Oakland, Cal., resigned his ministerial work to live among the factory people of the Indiana gas-belt region, and to labor as they labor.

As a ditch-digger, glass-blower, miner—in the two hundred different "jobs" he has held as a common laborer—Mr. McNutt has learned many things not found in his curriculums when, as a student, he earned the honors of his class in Wabash College and made a good record at Princeton. He knows now "why Pat does not go to church" (as he puts it), why the church with all its good hearts and honest efforts makes so little impression on the people of Pat's class, and what needs to be done to ease their burdens and help save their dwarfed souls.

The men he works with day by day have no idea of his real calling; he is simply one of them; yet the fact that he

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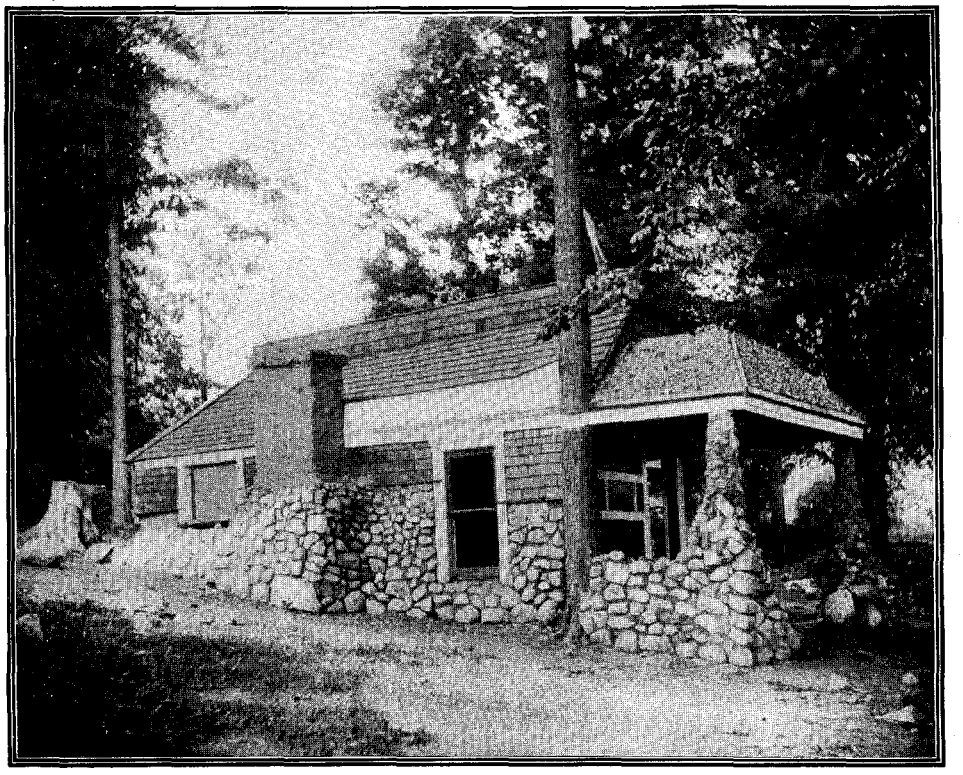
neither swears nor drinks is more wonderful to them than would be the news that he is a prize orator and a fine linguist.

Mr. McNutt pleads for fair play for the factory boys: shorter hours; creative rather than machine work; a school-room connected with the factory, such as is in operation in at least one city of the Old Country, where study may alternate with toil; and for some place of recreation, furnished with good literature, to offset the attractions of the saloons. He begs for free kindergartens, sand-piles, and playgrounds where the workingmen's babies may revel. As far as possible, he and his wife try to teach sanitary methods of cooking and living to their new neighbors who are sadly in need of it.

Among other things, he found that in the town of Alexandria, Ind., which has a pay-roll of $35,000 a week, there is not one place aside from the saloons where a man or boy may spend his evenings. Mr. McNutt quickly decided that they must have a club-house, and, after securing a plot of ground on "Bunko Hill" (properly called Bunker Hill), in the center of the Polish, Irish, and Italian settlements, he began casting about for materials for the house. After working hours, he and his fourteen-year-old son gathered cobblestones from the roadsides and creek banks where they served no useful purpose; they collected dry-goods boxes and extracted the nails, and straightened barrel-staves to use for shingles and wainscoting. Slowly they built. This picturesque little cottage, costing exactly $80 in money, is the result. The walls up to the low eaves are formed of cobblestones set in mortar, and the roof is made either of the barrel-stave shingles or pebbles the size of hens' eggs set in cement. The house has no foundation, but the tall maple-tree which furnishes one corner support, and the six stone pillars, give ample security. Nothing could be more artistic than these pillars, as they are built of broken boulders whose many-colored crystals glisten in the sun. The finishing of the interior is even more ingenious. Above the barrel-stave wainscoting the walls, sheathed by



THE CLUB-HOUSE FOR FACTORY BOYS
Built by the Rev. G. L. McNutt.

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the dry-goods box boards, are covered with plates of paper pulp used in printing-offices for the taking of impressions from the type preparatory to molding the metal plates. The woodwork and ceiling are painted a delicate shade, and in each panel of the ceiling Mr. McNutt has put the bright colored picture of some bird. The three rooms of the house are separated merely by pillars like those of the outside, and the fireplace is of the broken boulders also, while the book-shelves and much of the furniture of this unique club-house are made of saplings with the bark on.

Altogether, it is a work of art and ingenuity, and well adapted to the purpose to which it was dedicated on the 9th of last September. The factory boys are taking great pride in their house, and when its shelves are filled with books, and its tables with current literature, it will be a real home to them. Who can foresee the extent of the influence of this little house on Bunko Hill? And with such an example before him, who dares say, "I would do something for the boys of our town if I could"?

Mr. McNutt is at present a truck hand in one of the iron-foundries of Pennsylvania; but after a visit to the Old World, working his passage both ways and supporting his family of four wholly by his daily wages, he hopes to return and begin constructive work as a minister *of the people*.

The French Novel and the Young Girl

By Th. Bentzon

ONE of the merits of The Outlook, which has many of many kinds, lies in its lending itself to free discussion, thus avoiding misunderstanding. More and more French readers are turning to it in order to inform themselves concerning American affairs in their relations to our European interests, literary and otherwise. Many a time it has assumed the rôle of an amiable and enlightened arbiter. In this capacity I hope it will kindly respond to a criticism expressed not long since through the London "Academy" and reproduced in several magazines. This criticism seems to look askance at the young French girl and at the books which are written for her.

The "Academy" itself could hardly wish anything better than to be further informed on this subject. Its criticism was elicited by an article from Mlle. Blaze de Bury in the "North American Review" on "Girls' Novels," in which Mme. Caro and Mme. Th. Bentzon were commented on in complimentary terms. It was said that they wrote, after the manner of the English romancer, books that some young girls might read, but not all young girls—to prove which the "Academy" gave an analysis of "Tony," a character "who is what the British matron, if she expressed herself in French, would probably call shocking." The analysis of the plot followed. It was declared to be an impossible plot in England, and the "Academy" added: "Yet are we not driven to understand that the art of keeping young girls innocent reaches its highest perfection in France? If there are many girls' novels containing situations similar to that in 'Tony,' the existence of Marcel Prevost's 'Demi-Vierges' [Half-Virgins] may conceivably be explained by the very fact."

There is but one answer to make to this attack—namely, that "Tony" is not a girls' novel, although it is devoted almost entirely to the portraiture of a young girl's character. To speak of a young girl does not exactly imply speaking to young girls. To make myself clear, shall I recall a well-known story by Florence Montgomery, "Misunderstood," in which the heroes are children; and yet, if this book had been written for children, it would have been perhaps a bad book, exercising over many children a morbid influence. It is aimed at adults, however childish certain scenes may be, and it is even an excellent lesson to parents, if they but know how to grasp it.

But to return to "Tony." Its perusal could not possibly have the effect, which the "Academy" seems to fear, of developing the kind of precocious curiosity, the vague perversion, which leads to that type

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called "demi-vierges." Demi-vierges are for the most part cosmopolitan, the result of imprudent grafting of foreign education on our customs, which seem to be, up to the present time, incompatible with that graft. Nothing in "Tony" could lead to such a result. It has been called a moral book by good judges in ethics. Its plot turns entirely about a serious and even austere problem; however, the unworthiness of a father of a family is not one of those subjects which one would willingly place under the eyes of children. Therefore, if I had a daughter, I would not put "Tony," of which I am the author, into her hands; yet I feel that among my novels which have merited from English critics (I purposely quote their nationality) the epithet of sound, there is not one expressing more forcibly a great moral truth.[1] But, having written several books purposely for girls, I know that even in good and sound stories confirming great moral truths there is much that may be found unsuitable from our French point of view.

The young girl has a way of looking at things according to her age which one ought to respect. Read as a premonition the romances which a few of them have written about themselves. There are some capital ones; for example, the first work of a Rhoda Broughton, or the "Neuvaine de Colette" by a Jeanne Schultz; you will find there a warm-hearted enthusiasm and touching *naïveté*, but also many daring and erroneous opinions. Why wonder at it? It cannot be otherwise. These precocious young women story-writers betray to you in their books the soul-state of the majority of girls, and we would not want them to be different. Who would like to cut the wings of a dove darting upward and holding itself dizzily over the perils and brutality of this world? She will descend, or, alas! perhaps fall, soon enough from the clouds.

To speak of one's self is odious, but sometimes necessary, when there is a question of crying "Beware!" I remember what an impression the "Comédie Humaine" of Balzac made upon me when I took up that enormous psychological encyclopædia, that prodigious mass of human documents. I was married, but still under twenty years of age, and I knew very little of the world. The Human Comedy came upon me like a revelation, and it troubled me a long time. I recognized on my way this or that character of the show. I gave to them the names of the heroes and heroines of the great romancer; it was like a violent substitution of his colossal work for so called real life, in which I no longer believed, having seen beyond as through a storm-light. Naturally, these impressions grew calmer; I regained equilibrium. However, many years after, visiting the United States, I remembered it all when in the library of a woman's college the title of that splendid and yet infamous book, "Père Goriot," struck my eyes.

"Is it possible," said I to the French teacher who was accompanying me about, "that such a book is left within the reach of your students?"

"Oh," she replied, "the students do not read it. Very few among them would be able to understand it."

"If there were but one able to understand," I rejoined, "why should she be exposed to encounter this sad exception to the general rule? Why should she know about a father so idolatrous of his daughters as even to favor their sins and to become the confidant of their guilty passions?"

Bear in mind that Balzac has no more fervent admirer than myself. I should be sorry had he not written every one of his books, without a single exception. But, save "Eugénie Grandet," "Ursule Mirouet," the "Curé de Tours," and two or three others, perhaps, they ought to be reserved for the age of experience, when the real acquaintanceship with the world becomes harmless. I would even say as much for the books of George Sand, with the exception of that delicious series of rural sketches, and some valuable gems of her maturity, such as "Le Marquis de Villemer," "Jean de la Roche," etc.; or perhaps the works of winged passion and fascinating fantasy of which "Consuelo" is, above all, the type.

[1] This truth the philosopher Milsand, the great friend of Robert Browning, thus rendered in a letter addressed to me in 1884: "All that comes from without, whether fear or obedience, does not modify the manner of action. It is from within that true transformations spring. I believe that your two women in 'Tony' represent an abridgment of all possible conversions, those producing the remorse of an action which gives to us a horror of ourselves, and those bearing a sentiment of love which awakes in a soul even though that soul be entirely given up to bitterness. You have felt all that, and your inward experience is worth a thousand times more than to know it under a theoretical form."

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Not everything, by far, of what is best from an artistic point of view has been written for girls, and even so-called moral novels are not all for their use. The first duty of the romancer is to paint men just as they are, to observe the bad with the good, to reproduce both with sincerity; in a word, to draw experience from the depths of life with entire liberty. Liberty of course does not authorize license; neither, on the other hand, does it involve the preoccupation of the author with mere education and moral teaching, nor the duty of amusing youthful minds. Those who have not lived, no matter be they ever so cultivated, demand of a story qualities which have nothing to do with art. Such readers naturally expect the triumph of good over evil, and that is often a chimera. If they renounce this wholesome chimera before accepting the trials and the suffering which only years bring, there is in this very acceptance a disposition to an affected pessimism which the reading of novels will never cure: quite the contrary.

We French people suppose that it is necessary to preserve youth as far as possible from the sight of evil and of passion. Elsewhere people believe that a kind of veil should be thrown over passions and over evil, at every age of the reader. The causes of this difference are deep. In his "French Traits" Mr. Brownell has touched upon them better, perhaps, than has any one else, in suggesting that the feminine ideal of the American is the type of the young girl, and that he desires the woman to remain as much like it as possible. The ideal of the Frenchman, on the contrary, is the woman, and, for him, the young girl is only the woman in bud. He does not demand a precocious blossoming, but his intellectual relations with married women are generally franker than they are in any other country. Men have not, in the salon where a lady entertains them, that kind of special conversation which men of some other countries quit to talk somewhat differently at the club. And, like men, the lady reads all that, by reason of a broad artistic freedom, is worth while, avoiding, if she is honest and if she has good taste, that which, in any country, may be placed under the head of bad books—that is to say, books which appeal to a certain perverted curiosity, or which extol the triumph of evil passions over will-power.

But if the French girl cannot read novels, what does she read? In the first place, there are allowable novels, outside even of those written especially for the young; for example: Mme. Caro's "Amour de Jeune Fille" and "Idylle nuptiale," Paul Margueritte's "Ma Grande," Henry Gréville's charming "Dosia" and "Dosia's" many sisters; Jean de la Brète's "Mon Oncle et mon Curé;" several of Léon de Tinseau's society novels, and almost every line from the pen of Henri Ardel, Marianne Damad, Jean Sigaux, Floran, etc. We might give a longer list, if required.[1] Then, through the "Petit Chose" and the "Contes du Lundi," she knows Alphonse Daudet; through "Capitaine Fracasse," Théophile Gautier; through "Pêcheur d'Islande" and "Les Mémoires d'un Enfant," Pierre Loti; through the "Livre de mon Ami," Anatole France; by the "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" and "Histoire de Sibylle," Octave Feuillet; by "L'Abbé Constantin," Ludovic Halévy; by "Madeleine" or "Catherine," Jules Sandeau; by "Colomba," Prosper Merimée; by "L'Echéance" or "Un Saint," Paul Bourget; by "La Terre qui meurt," René Bazin; and she is not, therefore, to be pitied. From all among our foremost novelists, Victor Cherbuliez, André Theuriet, even Guy de Maupassant, a mother or an intelligent teacher can find means to glean stories which may be read to a young girl, if not read by her. Moreover, the admirable "Pages Choisies" of great writers suffice to fill a whole library. They comprise even such extremists as Flaubert, Goncourt, and Zola. In many cases, as, for instance, in dealing with Chateaubriand or with Mme. de Staël, intelligently made selections save, with young and impatient spirits, much fatigue and boredom to which they would not easily submit.

It is very true that the education given to our French girls has, up to the present, banished the novel on principle. It has done this, not because it was difficult to find a pure novel, a harmless novel, but because we consider the mere habit of diving into even good novels as a

[1] The novels of a ladies' journal edited at Hachette's, "La Mode pratique," are generally of the best kind.

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pernicious diversion from really serious and instructive reading, and I feel sure one is right in so thinking.

George Sand herself said to me one day that it was indispensable to preface the study of man by the history of men. Now, our French literature includes historians who are at the same time writers of genius; it possesses treasures under the general title of Memoirs, and serious books of that kind are, for a large part, read by our young girls outside of school hours; they find them sufficient recreation as long as their imagination has not tasted that cup of passion and of dreams, the novel, properly so called.

I have noticed in the United States, where in all other respects the education of women is carried on so much further than with us, a certain deficiency of knowledge of general history. Our girls from the lower grades in schools would, I think, outdistance in this field many young American graduates. And this remark does not apply alone to women in America, but equally to men. It would seem that the past interests Americans rather indifferently, that they need modern life, contemporary life. On this account the success of stories is assured—stories which present the every-day aspect, the realistic appearance, but are perhaps least true in reality. Something which is deep in the fiber of that great Puritan people imposes upon it more or less of conventionality. Of course that does not hinder true talent or stand in the way of the production of very remarkable works; but, all the same, one cannot impute to us as a fault the wish of pushing to a further degree the care to be sincere and the love of artistic form; now, it is this very fact that obliges us to be extremely cautious in the choice of the public invited to the perusal of the books written for the sole pleasure of a fastidious and thoroughly enlightened taste. We do not disinherit our young girls, however, on account of that; they have always close at hand masterpieces of literature which they would be the last to disdain as "old-fashioned," for they already know enough about style and beauty to recognize by the little which they have read of modern books that the latter are of a much lower standard than the former. The English-speaking people, whose seventeenth century is so poor in literature, do not easily realize the inexhaustible wealth which the same century bequeathed to France. The product of the so-called "great century"—the century of Corneille, Racine, Fénelon, Lafontaine, and Mme. de Sévigné—nourishes the loftiest and most refined sentiments in the intellect of our women.

Now, let us inform their foreign sisters, who reproach us for not being up to date in contemporary literature, that the publication of an excellent "Revue pour les Jeunes Filles"[1] has somewhat filled up the gap. This bi-monthly review, in which a number of our celebrated writers collaborate, gives articles in no way superficial: reviews of French and foreign magazines, the news of the day, scientific notes, a review of people in public life, descriptions of travel and amusement, and, finally, as to fiction, novels signed by a J. H. Rosny, a Jean Bertheroy, and others who have not the reputation of being chiefly purveyors of girls' milk-and-water books. The fact is that the Revue interests all ages. Its subscribers are occasionally called upon to present their views concerning questions special to their sex—art, reading, sport, or even dress; these views being given in a way which ought to show the foreigner just what kind of a personality, in this epoch of transition, is the French girl of to-day.

[1] Armand Colin et Cie., 5 Rue de Mézières, Paris. This firm also publishes "Pages Choisies."

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Christus Victor: A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×5¾ in. 186 pages.

Englishwoman's Love-Letters (An). Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

The English literary papers, without exception so far as we have seen, assume that this volume is purely a work of the imagination, not, as it purports to be, made up of letters actually sent. From one point of view this conclusion must be welcome to every reader of sensibility. If the letters were real, then it is evident that they must have been furnished for publication by the man to whom they were addressed, and to whom were given after the "Englishwoman's" death the last immensely pathetic letters written (but not sent) after the engagement had been broken off. When we remember that the engagement was broken off by the man, and that to the day of her death the woman did not know the real cause, it becomes really inconceivable to suppose that the man concerned, or his friends after his death, if he also has died, could have made the letters public, even without names and with the omission of circumstances which might identify the persons concerned. We incline, therefore, to the theory that this book is in point of fact an imaginative psychological study of a woman's love, containing a mystery to which there is no real clue in the book itself. Various suppositions have been made as to the cause of the apparent cruel act of the man concerned, but none of them, to our feeling, really meets the case. Turning from the question of authenticity to the letters themselves, they are undoubtedly clever and subtle—almost too much so for a woman of twenty-one. Perhaps they were written by a professed novelist, for they show the same kind of study of character and passion that is found in what is called the psychological fiction of the day, such, for instance, as Edith Wharton presents in its most artistic aspects. The letters include notes on art, on travel, and on literature which are well worth reading for themselves. The book has had a very great success in its sale in England, and doubtless will be read here with curiosity and interest, and incite to numberless futile discussions.

Lessons in Love. By Katrina Trask. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 138 pages. $1.25.

Eight short stories which show a distinct advance in skill, and which are full of the quality which Mrs. Trask's work never lacks—intensity, imaginative fervor, vividness of feeling, and a touch of that passion which is the element of life in much of the best fiction. The stories are by no means without faults, but they are entirely removed from the commonplace.

Linnet. By Grant Allen. The New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 403 pages. $1.50.

Military Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Jacob Dolson Cox, A.M., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 2 vols. 5¾×9 in. $6.

One of the most important contributions made to the military history of the Civil War, in which General Cox tells us his aim has been to reproduce his own experience in order to give a clear idea of the way in which the duties and problems of that great struggle presented themselves to a man actively engaged in it from its opening to its close. The work will receive fuller attention.

Rambles in Colonial Byways. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 2 vols. 4¼×7 in.

Two volumes of very agreeably written impressions of localities, churches, homes, and public structures connected with the earlier history of the country; taking one over the whole length of the Atlantic coast, and introducing the reader, in a discursive but agreeable manner, to many interesting persons and incidents, and to the manners and customs of a bygone age. The interest in the lives, habits, religion, education, and architecture of the men and women who gave form and direction to American civilization has immensely increased of late years, and is to be counted one of the encouraging signs of the times. Such books as these, although they do not rise to the dignity of history, are informative, suggestive, and create the interest which history alone satisfies.

Sharps and Flats. By Eugene Field. Collated by Slason Thompson. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7 in. $2.50.

Eugene Field in his ten years' daily newspaper work in Chicago wrote not a few millions of words, mostly on ephemeral topics. A selection from these slight but characteristic literary flashes from his oddly droll imagination has been compiled under the appropriate title given above. For it must be admitted that some of these little articles are flat rather than sharp. A captious critic might suggest that one volume rather than two would have been better for this purpose. Criticism aside, the lover of Field's peculiar genius is astonished to find how much of real humor and literary insight can be gleaned from his hastily scribbled paragraphs. Mr. Field's bibliomania, his love for children, his kindly satire on Chicago ways and Chicago people, furnish frequent occasions for his lightly burlesque style.

Three Prophetic Days; or, Sunday the Christian's Sabbath. By William Frederick. Published by the Author, Clyde, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 232 pages. $1.

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